THE

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AMERICAN REGISTER.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE OLIO.

NO. IV.

BEWARE of the delusions of the heart, said the discreet, but still beautiful step-mother of the lovely and enthusiastic Leonora B——. In all things there is a medium to be observed; but more especially in the passion generally termed love, the reality of which is ever amiable.—But there exists a false species, mostly of luxuriant growth, which should always be guarded against as the sex's greatest enemy. It is acknowledged by all, that coquetry and affectation render us ridiculous, but love, without reason for its basis, is capable of causing an infinity of anguish to the susceptible heart; it then becomes a fatal destroyer of the mind, a degrader of the nobler faculties; it weakens the love of virtue, and by degrees lays all things but itself into a lethargic slumber.

The moth, when hovering round the alluring flame, is too striking a resemblance of those incautious females, who, in the simplicity of their hearts, trifle on the precipice of destruction which too often awaits them. Or, if so fortunate as not to be precipitated into guilt, they have the extreme infelicity of seeing every former prospect of happiness fade from before their eyes, as the sun removes his golden rays from the sombre shade of night. When once a deep impression is made on the heart, it too generally remains a slave to its object for ever, even though no suitable return should be made; some, it is true, require a correspondent affection to keep their own alive; but others, those whose attachments are of a more generous or persevering nature, continue enslaved, though no enlivening ray of hope should dawn on them; apparently resembling the gilly-flower of winter, which hesitates not to bloom through that inclement season, unmindful as it were of the cruel buffetings of the north. But how disconsolate, my dear Leonora, must be the situation of such a heart, and how evidently does it show the indispensible necessity of keeping a wary eye on so unruly a part, which, if once allowed to get predominancy, generally dismisses its most faithful advisers from office.

Nothing tends so much, except real religion, to the guidance of the heart, and consequently to the true

elevation of the sex, as an enlightened education. You have had no pains spared in yours; every mean has been pursued, not merely to make you a fashionable, which at best means but little, but rather an accomplished and useful, female character. While yet a child, your little hands were taught to do menial offices for the children of penury and wretchedness; you were taught to prepare clothing and food for the tattered and weary; lessons on humanity and humility, those delightful sister virtues, were constantly given you, and daily practised in your view.

You had an early ear for music: that, and the more elegant kind of needle-work, will not only prove preventives against idleness, that destroyer of the mind, but will keep you from looking for amusement in a crowd, where it is seldom found by the good and rational; while drawing and painting enlarge the mind and improve the heart, for in tracing and admiring the beauties of nature, you will learn to love, as the poet expresses it, nature's God. These are pleasures, my beloved Leonora, that demand no usury; may the pursuits of your heart be ever as innocent.

Women who have the happiness of possessing cultivated minds, are seldom of the number of those who go astray; the light disseminated round them unfolds the separating walls of the different virtues, and blends them sweetly all in one; no longer a delicate organization, resembling sensibility or lively passions are to be considered as evils, united now as promoters of the general good. Love, with this class, assumes the most elegant form, not farther from libertinism, than from that chimerical idea of the brain, formed, as it were, only for the heart's torment, often ignorant of its own wishes, and possessing nothing but folly for its basis. Enthusiasm is seldom attached to well-regulated minds; its poor deluded visionaries generally find love composed, not of every thing delightful, as you a few minutes ago supposed, but of wormwood deeply tinctured with gall. Such often admire Virtue, pronounce her all beautiful as the morning, yet want steadiness to follow her footsteps; hold Vice, whatever the garb she may chuse to assume, as detestable, yet suffer their unwary hearts to be caught in her snare.

Shall I, Leonora, give you the lost, and once beautiful Laura as an example. Once was she the daughter of sensibility, but now her heart is dead to feeling, the cold earth has become her pillow, her form rests in the grave. In childhood, Laura was the delight of her idolizing parents, who promised themselves great felicity from the many amiable traits they saw dawning in her infant mind. Even then had the big tear of sensibility coursed down her cheek, and the sigh of sympathy swelled her susceptible heart. At an age when the character is supposed to be formed, she supported a part in a sable drama that required Herculean powers to sustain, and support it she did in such a manner as to receive the loudest and united plaudits of the surrounding audience. Never as yet had she caused a sigh in the bosom of a friend, from disobedience, or follies natural to youth; but, alas, in an ill timed hour her evil genius had the ascendancy, she became an object for the finger of scorn to point to; indecency was affixed to her character, nor could she lean on innocence as a support against the world's contumely. Where Self-approbation had been wont to display its standard with all the boldness of conscious innocence, Self-accusation appeared as with the bold front of an enemy which would not be repulsed, and in its train introduced Despair, whose sooty habiliments despoiled the tenement, unmantled Hope, and turned her out a fugitive to return no more: all of which was the effect of a mind, from nature and education highly enthusiastic. Her heart, her affectionate heart, had drawn to its centre the

warmth intended by nature for the circulation of the animal fluid; it was warm as the Egyptian sun, but her mind was chaste as the snow of Nova Zembla: wrapt in enthusiasm she became the hapless victim of credulity.

Could rivers of tears have atoned for her fall from virtue, long ere she departed from life would they have been obliterated from the page of memory; but the world, my beloved Leonora, loves to record the frailties of their neighbours, especially where the object is not a favourite one, with a pen of adamant: a melancholy truth, which evinces the necessity there exists for the youthful female to chuse Wisdom for her monitress, and banish the fervor of Imagination. The enthusiastic Laura, by one unguarded moment, lulled to sleep by confidence, awoke to despair, and secured to herself a bitterness that continued to flourish, even until the latest moment of her existence. Sensible of having erred, the big pang of agony laboured at her heart; her friends spoke of pardon and peace, but delicacy, wounded delicacy, admitted not the latter.

It is not, said she, a little time before her decease, it is not the contempt of my own sex, wounding as it may be, that I find the most mortifying, among whom are many classes: some striving to raise up the fallen; others to destroy, by slander, those whom they believe more praise-worthy than themselves: no, the barb that gores deepest, next to the consciousness of having offended Him who made me, is the look and manner with which, since my fall, I have been generally regarded by the other. A shower of tears falling over her pale face stopped her utterance, and the grave in a few days hid her from the look of Licentiousness. In the enthusiastic mind, Leonora, Reason, triumphed over by the imagination, retires to the back ground, and becomes an idle spectator. But if not ordered back to her standard, as she bears a high and important office in the economy of the human mind, Confusion, with Insanity in her train, will unavoidably pursue.

While the heart turns on an earthly axis, it must be variously affected, as all terrestrial objects on which it relies for happiness are liable to decay. Hence, my beloved Leonora, the superiority of that religion your excellent deceased mother took such pains to instil into your infant mind. That immoveable anchor of the soul is the best safeguard against the impulses of the passions, against the delusions and miseries of life. But even in Religion beware of enthusiasm on one hand, and a dull conformity on the other; for that religion which springs not from a regenerated heart, can never be acceptable to an all-wise and perfect Creator.

For the Literary Magazine.

OMAR AND FATIMA; OR, THE APOTHECARY OF ISPAHAN.

A Persian Tale.

THERE are few persons in the least acquainted with Ispahan, but what will recollect, that as you enter the city by the gate Haly, when you have passed the two dwarf columns which are inscribed with Arabic characters, you find yourself in a street that leads directly to the Bazar, which you naturally hurry through as fast as possible, because the whole of it is inhabited by Armenians, who are either tanners, curriers, or the manufacturers of a great variety of leathern articles. You then turn the corner on the right hand, which introduces you into another street, equally spacious and gay, being inhabited by bowerfletchers, armourers, feather-dressers, and, ascending a flight of steps, arrive at a gallery, in which, stuck by the side of each other, like the boxes upon their shelves, live all the druggists and apothecaries.

Whether this mode of building was anciently practised, or of modern

invention, is too curious a disquisition, and too useful a speculation, to be entered upon without more consideration, more time, more paper, and more patience, than can, in the present instance, be devoted to it. In fact it contains the germ from which one day may spring a folio; and I, alas! am at present confined to a few pages in a magazine.

This exordium was begun, continued, and ended, at the door of the shop of Nadir, the apothecary, which, it is well known, was situated in that part of the gallery which overlooks the Bazar, and, in an oblique direction, glances at the famous fountain of sha Abbas, which stands at the north corner.

Nadir was a man of literature, of science, and, which was still better, of honour and integrity; but he was a singular being, and would, in a metropolis less polite than Ispahan, have been denominated "a queer fellow;" for he shrunk from society, was devoted to contemplation and study, and, which was much worse, he was poor.

The beauty of one of the finest days of a Persian autumn had induced Nadir to cease from his labours (or, rather, as he had no particular occasion for them, his *amusement*), in pounding a few coarse drugs in an old mortar with a broken pestle, and leaving his shop door wide open without any fear of being robbed, even had not the police of the city been so good as it actually was, to cross the gallery, and lean upon the balustrade, from which he had the pleasure of observing a most plentiful market in the most disinterested point of view, as he had not money sufficient to enable him to become the purchaser of the smallest article.

In this state of mind and pocket, the unfortunate apothecary was destined to behold baskets of the choicest fruit, of the most exquisite viands of every description, piles of the finest bread, cakes, and confectionary, pails of milk, and jars of honey, carried away, as the saying is, "under his very nose;" and as nothing is so likely to produce an appetite as having such a prospect without the means to gratify our desires, he found his inward man so affected with a gastric sensation, that he called to a venerable matron, ancient as the arch upon which his shop rested, and ordered her to bring him some refreshment, exclaiming at the same time, "Wretch that I am! with taste and sensibility to enjoy the good things of this world, yet, in the present instance, they vanish from before me, like the visionary banquets of the promised paradise from the grasp of sceptical Heb, and I am condemned, by the unfortunate salubrity of the place wherein I have settled, to live upon rice and water like a bramin!"

"And you have so little of the former left," said the old woman, as she presented him with a plate of the aliment and a glass of the menstruum, "that without we have speedily a fresh supply, I foresee that you will be reduced to live upon your own medicines."

"You *do not* talk like an apothecary," said Nadir, "if you expect that I could exist upon them in the way you suggest."

"It is a lamentable thing," she replied, "that you can neither take them yourself, nor get any one else to do it."

At this instant a person in the dress of a Mahometan faquir (which, being a sect that aspires sometimes to the dignity of Moullah, are more regular in their apparel than the other, who profess to be the disciples of Brumma) stood before them; and, hearing this colloquy betwixt the old woman and her master, said, "You are mistaken, for I hope the whole world will take his medicines, if this is the learned apothecary Nadir, whose fame, wafted on the wings of the four winds, has reached me in my retreat in the Diamond Mountains, which you know lie to the east of Golconda."

"I know very little about the matter," said Nadir; "Diamond Mountains and Golconda are names connected with riches; therefore I

hope that my fame, which it appears from your statement is a far greater traveller than my person, has met with more success in the world."

"Son!" said the faquir, "never repine at the dispensations of Providence!"

At the appellation son, the apothecary looked earnestly in the face of the faquir, and replied: "Father, though you are at least half a century younger than myself, as you appear in a religious habit, which I judge to be considerably older than the wearer, your phrase is correct. So, having adjusted this weighty matter, I should enquire if, medically or morally, I can afford you any assistance?"

"Medically," cried the faquir, "I think you may. I find myself tired and faint."

"Set out the arm-chair, Tamira!" said Nadir. "Lean upon me, most venerable father. So! now let me look at your tongue."

"My tongue!"

"Yes!" returned the apothecary. "Good! I am perfectly satisfied. This examination will be complete when I have felt your pulse; one, two, three; so! so! so!"

"Well!" said the faquir, "what do you think of my case?"

"A very common one among my patients. I fear I have scarcely enough of one sort of medicine left to furnish for it a *single dose*. However, though I am labouring under the same disorder, hospitality obliges me to relieve you. Here! swallow this plate of rice!"

"Rice!" said the faquir; "I am not much used to feed upon rice!"

"No!" he continued: "why I thought your vows obliged you to eat nothing else, except you were sensually inclined to ornament your dish with a garnish of herbs. The conduit, over the way, of our once sublime and *immortal* sultan, who died at the age of thirty, will supply us with plenty of water. You need not use any discretion with respect to drinking."

"Then it seems to be your opinion that I want nothing but food?"

"Solid and liquid: you want nothing else, depend upon it."

"It is a pity to starve in the midst of a market."

"That was exactly my idea," said Nadir, "when you entered the gallery."

"Why then did you not avail yourself of this opportunity to purchase?"

"Alas! venerable father," returned Nadir, "I had not come from Golconda."

"I understand you: you had not the means," said the faquir. "I have," he continued, and unbuckling his girdle, produced a long leathern purse. "In this there are fifteen tomans. I am under no restrictive vows; therefore let this ancient matron descend into the market before it be too late, and purchase whatsoever you wish. I am weary; I shall tarry in this city some time; therefore, son, I mean to follow your prescription, and, in order to fill up the vacuum in my exhausted system, to eat, drink, and enjoy myself."

"What is your name?" said Nadir.

"Ismael," returned the faquir.

"Then, good Ismael," he continued, "though you might probably enjoy yourself with your fifteen tomans, a sum I hardly believed to have been in the exchequer, what must become of me? It is impossible that I can partake."

"Why?"

"For this reason: I am a man, most reverend father Ismael! that, as you may perceive, has lived long in the world, devoted to study, fond of contemplating the works of art and the wonders of nature. I have consequently, in my researches, not suffered the human system to be unexplored. In fact, I have examined it both physically and ethically. With this propension of mind, you will not wonder that I am poor; but you will wonder when I inform you, that I still am the possessor of two gems more valuable than any

that your mines of Golconda can boast; these, I fear, would be sullied if I were to accept your favours."

"What gems?"

"I mean," continued Nadir, "my piety and my honour. You, Ismael, are, however you may have attempted to disguise that circumstance, a very young man; therefore, when you produce such immense riches, and wish to apply them in favour of so slight an acquaintance, I, who am apt to look below the surface of things, may very well doubt the correctness of their acquisition."

"You think," said Ismael, "that this paltry purse contains immense riches! I could very easily produce fifty times the sum! Nay, start not, Nadir! I honour you for your delicacy as much as I do for your sagacity. To piety and honour I am as much devoted as yourself; I therefore know, that these virtues produce in the human mind a generosity of thinking and acting, which frequently rises superior even to the general dictates of frigid caution, contracted philosophy, or commercial calculation. I seek you as an adviser; I address you as a friend: receive these tomans; as a loan if you please: let me place others in your hands for security; banish suspicion, and have the generosity to believe me for the moment to be what I appear. Let this evening be devoted to rest on my part, to relaxation from the fatigues of study on yours; a short time will probably explain the motives that induced me to seek this interview."

"At which of the four caravansaries in the Bazar do you lodge?" said Nadir.

"I have no lodging in Ispahan," replied Ismael; "and as I will fairly state to you, that from the professional inquisitiveness of their keepers, and the officers of the police stationed at those places, with respect to strangers, it would be extremely inconvenient to go to either of them, I hope you will suffer me to lodge with you."

"But your habit," said Nadir.

"My habit," continued Ismael, "may cover me in your house, but it would probably *discover* me there; therefore I hope you will comply with my request."

"That," said Nadir, "is presuming a good deal upon my credulity; I am inclined to trust you; but, alas! although I have rooms, they are unfurnished, consequently I have no accommodations; however, Abud my neighbour has, where I will be answerable for your safety."

Whether the appearance and frankness of the faquir; whether the means of indulging his appetite, which the tomans, still lying on the counter, presented; or that curiosity which is natural to the Persians, and was also professionally incident to Nadir; whether one or all these causes operated is uncertain. The sage of Zulpha, who first recorded this story, was not, like many European sages, *gifted* with that omniscient power which enables them in a moment to pervade the recesses, and develope the foldings of the human heart. He, therefore, has not stated *more* than he knew; which was, that the apothecary placed the tomans in his till, which till that time had never inclosed the twentieth part of so much wealth, and subtracting one from the heap, he gave it to Tamira, telling her to hasten to the market, and purchase materials for an entertainment worthy of a guest who seemed possessed of the riches of Golconda, and the generosity of Aurengzebe.

Here let us pause a little, in order, in the first instance, to mention that useful, but too much neglected, part of the human species, who are never *courted* except upon the stimulations of pain, or at the suggestions of interest, and whom we christians, at least out of their hearing, have agreed to term old women; and in the second, to observe, that this appellation has been known to take a wider range, and mount to situations in which no female, old or young, except Pope Joan or Joan of Arc, ever sat or acted.

It has, to continue this specula-

tion, been known to have been applied to the judicial bench *of Persia*, to the justice seat, nay to places still more solemn and sacred, such as the heads of colleges of dervises, &c.; and here, also, we have heard of old women at the heads of houses, of courts, of armies, of administrations, of municipalities, &c.: but the Persian historian had heard nothing of this, he has therefore only mentioned the respect which is paid to the ancient part of the fair sex in their proper stations; and further, that Tamira, for integrity, for fidelity, and affection to her master, for experience in domestic concerns, and general sagacity, was an excellent representative of all the old women in Ispahan.

She had, after an education in the house of Abud, descended like an heir-loom to honest Nadir from his father, a physician of great genius, little practice, and much humility, as appears by his only making his son an apothecary. We should never have been able to ascertain her age, had she not in the heat of a medical dispute, the only disputes which she ever had with her master, said, she well remembered the erection of the obelisk which they had every day before their eyes, to commemorate the recovery of sha Sefi from *intemperance*. Nadir, therefore, whom she had, by the shrewdness of her observations and the sagacity of her interrogatories in his profession, both piqued and puzzled, maliciously calculated the period in which she had been acquiring this experience; he found that forty-six years had passed since the event which the obelisk recorded; which, added to the age she was when she came into the possession of his father, fixed her's at near seventy.

Tamira, however she might have acquired her medical skill, must, from the frugality of the board of Nadir, have certainly become a cook by inspiration or intuition. But, no matter to what or whom she was obliged for her culinary science, it is certain that she was one of the best cooks in Ispahan. Of this she now gave a specimen; for while we have been digressing, and Nadir, with the sage Ismael, were engaged in the discussion of general topics in the shop, she had, under the influence of the toman we have mentioned, furnished such an entertainment as never had before been seen in the house of Nadir, nor indeed of his ancestors.

The honest apothecary, when he entered the eating-room, was thunder-struck at the sight of the variety of viands spread before him, and the taste that was displayed in their disposition. "Reverend father," said he to the young faquir, "I fear that these temptations to sensual indulgence will leave the stings of remorse, if not the consequences of intemperance, behind them."

"Son!" cried Ismael, "fear nothing, but, as our prophet ordains, eat and live!"

Hospitality is the virtue of the Persians. It came into the head of Nadir, just as he was sitting down to table, that as he had been obliged to his neighbour Abud for many a dinner, he ought to send for him to partake of this.

The faquir, as Abud was to be his landlord, had no objection. A slave of his, who was in the shop at the time, was instantly dispatched for his master, who soon after arrived; and this trio, attended by Tamira and the youth, continued at table perhaps fifty times as long as the Arabian physician to the grand lama, who wrote the golden book in praise of abstinence, would have allowed.

In this hour of conviviality, the minds of all the parties expanded: Nadir discerned that his young friend had genius and learning sufficient to qualify him for any situation; Abud wondered what could induce him to appear as a faquir, and agreed that he should become his inmate; Tamira, while she was amazed at his temperance with all those good things before him, admired him for his beauty and generosity; and the young slave, who had busied himself with the fruit and sweetmeats,

thought that he had never seen a set so truly agreeable. In this disposition were all the parties, when the deities that presided over darkness let fall their sable curtains before the towers of Ispahan; a hint to our company, in common with the other inhabitants of this populous city, to retire to their repose.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARACTERS OF THE MOST EMINENT FRENCH DRAMATIC POETS.

By a Frenchman.

P. Corneille.

CORNEILLE had the sole and singular glory of creating his art, and fixing its limits.

He has been imitated by many; he has been surpassed by none.

He found no models, but he will serve as a model to the latest posterity.

In creating him, Nature made an effort, from which she will perhaps rest for many ages.

To his genius alone he owed his productions and their success.

He was obliged to invent his pieces, to form actors, and to create an audience.

He preceded the splendid age of Louis XIV, which but for him would perhaps never have existed.

In Richelieu he first found a patron, and afterwards a rival. But the minister was always obliged to do homage to the writer. His works extorted admiration, and his person esteem.

Corneille lived and died poor, because genius, which produces wonders of excellence, knows not how to solicit pensions. He had, however, a pension, without asking for it, and and which, but for Despreaux, he would have lost by a court intrigue.

It is perhaps to the tragedies of Corneille that revolution is to be ascribed, which regenerated the minds of the French; that public fermentation, which at the death of Louis XIII had nearly changed the face of the kingdom.

Corneille possessed that great character which does not always accompany eminent talents, but which is the seal stamped by nature on the man of genius.

Posterity has not yet decided between *Cinna*, *Polieucte*, *Le Cid*, *Rodogune*, and *Horaces*. Any one of these pieces would establish the reputation of a great writer; all of them constitute but a part of that of Corneille.

In *Nicomede* he created a species of dramatic writing in which he has had no imitators.

It was reserved for this great man to be the father of both species of dramatic composition, and the same hand which wrote *La Mort de Pompée* wrote also *Le Menteur*.

The *Menteur* is the first piece of character that appeared in France, and the only comedy before Moliere entitled to a continuance of the public esteem.

Corneille was sometimes the friend of the great, but never their slave. He could resist cardinal Richelieu, who made Europe tremble. Power shrinks before genius.

Corneille is the only writer who obtained with universal consent the surname of Great, a title that had before been conferred solely on princes and heroes.

All the audience rose up when Corneille, loaded with years and with glory, entered the theatre, and the great Condé himself did homage to the author of Cinna.

He lived to a considerable age without surviving his talents, and in his last works we frequently perceive the same flashes of genius which blaze forth in his first.

He was modest, simple, true. If he had the consciousness of his ability, he betrayed at least nothing of the pride of it.

The town of Rouen which has given birth to so many illustrious characters, glories particularly in having produced Corneille. It is honour enough for it, and with this

circumstance we conclude our eulogium.

—

Racine.

Racine was one of the first ornaments of the most splendid age of the universe.

The faithful adorer of the ancients, he learned in their school to subjugate the admiration of the moderns.

No person knew better than Racine all the labyrinths of the human heart. Its impenetrable folds were like a book always open to his view. He could touch the finest feelings with a delicacy peculiar to himself, and those who have since attempted to imitate him in this respect, have only displayed his superiority in more striking colours.

Racine does not lay hold of the heart at once; he insinuates himself by degrees; but, once established there, he reigns omnipotent.

Before Racine, we knew nothing of those sweet emotions, those delicious chords of sensibility on which he played; we shed no real tears over imaginary misfortunes.

The heroes whom he paints are in a manner like ourselves. We are interested warmly in their fate; they become our fathers, our brothers, our friends; we participate in all the sentiments they experience.

Racine paints with equal superiority the rage of love and the workings of ambition, paternal tenderness and the torments of jealousy, the simplicity and candour of infancy, and the magnanimity of heroism; all the passions are at his command; nothing is beyond his genius.

It is not in reading Racine that we perceive the weakness and sterility of the French language. Nothing equals the harmony of his verses, unless it be the justness of his thoughts.

It is not by a multiplicity of events, by theatrical trick, or by the number of his personages, that he pleases and interests us. Action is the soul of tragedies in general; the genius of Racine could do without it. It is not the interest of curiosity that prevails in his pieces: we enjoy the present without thinking of the future; we wish to dwell on every scene, and we lament the rapidity of time.

Of all the tragedies that have appeared on the stage, that of *Berenice* has perhaps the least action; and who will say that it is not one of the most interesting.

Racine is perhaps the only dramatic author who gains by being read, because the stage, while it hides the defects of style, prevents at the same time many beauties from being discovered.

The mind of Racine was mild, gentle, and sensible, yet he had from his infancy a taste for epigram, and it required some effort to give his genius a different turn.

I pity those who do not relish Racine; they are barbarians unworthy the name of men of letters.

Racine has secured to the French theatre a superiority which all nations acknowledge, and which they dare not contest.

The respect which Racine entertained for the ancients proves how worthy he was of being added to their number.

There is more philosophy in one tragedy of Racine than in all the works of our modern reformers, who have dared to accuse him of want of philosophy.

Louis XIV gave a proof of his judgment in continuing to encourage Racine; and he thus honoured that talent which gave the greatest lustre to his reign.

Some verses of *Britannicus* were a lesson to the monarch, and caused him to sacrifice one of his fondest propensities. We know not which to admire most in this, the docility of the sovereign, or the courage of the poet.

Racine, sought after, honoured, entertained by the first personages of the age, preferred the society of his friends to that of the great. He refused an entertainment at the great Conde's to dine on a carp with his

family; an anecdote that proves the goodness of his heart, and is not unworthy of a place in his history.

Despreaux taught Racine with difficulty to make easy verses; he was his constant admirer and friend, and said that his *Athalie*, though it had no success at court, was his best work.

Corneille quarrelled with Racine for one line of the comedy of the *Plaideurs*, a circumstance not at all to his honour.

Moliere, La Fontaine, and Despreaux were the constant friends of Racine; they polished their talents together, and perfected their works by the mutual severity of their criticisms.

Racine ceased to write for the theatre at the age of thirty-eight years. There were twelve years between his *Phedre* and his *Esther;* and when we reflect, that in this space of time he produced six *chef-d'œuvres*, we cannot but detest the envy of those who sow with bitterness the career of genius.

We are indebted to madame de Maintenon for his *Esther* and *Athalie*, which Racine composed for S. Cyr, and for this benefit I can pardon in her a number of infirmities and errors.

The prefaces of Racine are models of style, of conciseness, and modesty. It is to be regretted that he did not write more in prose, as there is in it a neatness and elegance which few writers have equalled.

Racine died in his fifty-ninth year, of an excess of sensibility, of which his love of humanity was the cause.

He was the glory of his age and nation, and to the shame of both, the monument is yet to be found that contains his ashes.

—

Moliere.

If I were asked who was the greatest preacher of the last age, I would answer, without hesitation, Moliere.

The comedies of Moliere have operated more reforms than the sermons of Bourdaloue have made converts.

The thundering voice of the christian orator terrified the vicious without eradicating their vices; the inimitable pencil of the comic poet forced vice and absurdity to conceal themselves, to avoid the resemblance of his paintings.

The first work of Moliere was a comedy of character, and if it be not a *chef-d'œuvre*, it at least surpasses all that had preceded it, with the exception of the *Menteur*.

Moliere was thirty-eight years old when he began to write; he died at fifty-three; it is difficult to conceive how he could in so few years furnish so many admirable pieces.

Louis XIV predicted that Moliere would give lustre to his reign. He was his constant protector and support. He defended him against devotees, physicians, and fops. But for the firmness of Louis XIV the *Tartuffe* would never have appeared on the stage.

The Tartuffe is without dispute the sublimest work that ever came from the hands of man. The tears start from my eyes when I think of Moliere's reply to Despreaux, who congratulated him on this play: "Patience, my friend, you shall one day see something much superior." He died six years after, and his occupations as a comedian and manager of the company prevented his fulfilling his intention. It is supposed that he referred to *L'Homme de Cour*, a subject which engaged his attention till his death, but of which no fragment could be found among his papers. What a loss for the dramatic art! and who will dare attempt a character which Moliere himself placed above his *Tartuffe*. I am almost tempted to reproach the memory of Louis XIV for not freeing Moliere from the cares which, necessary to his fortune, hindered the exertions of his genius.

Moliere derived from the ancients some of his works, and it was giving them new life; but he borrowed from no source but his mind, the *Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, and *Les Femmes Savantes*.

He had the fate of those who are born with a too susceptible heart, he loved more than he was loved, and the bitterness of jealousy defeated his success, and accelerated his death. He found, however, in friendship the consolations which a more tender sentiment refused him. Despreaux, Chapelle, and La Fontaine were those of his contemporaries of whose society he was most fond, and who, by a just return, contributed their utmost to gain for him beforehand the suffrage of posterity.

Courtiers feared Moliere, but the favour of the monarch saved him from their snares. They were frequently obliged to applaud characteristic portraits of which they had themselves furnished the models.

No writer has better observed dramatic propriety, better developed the characters he has treated, better pursued the rout of the passions through all the intricacies of the human heart.

Moliere is translated into all languages, and played on the theatre of every polished nation. He has universally extended the empire of French literature. He is the poet of all times, of all ages, of all countries, a glory which he divides only with La Fontaine.

Moliere was the scourge of the wicked, and the father of the unfortunate; he was just, sensible, and good, and never did misery ask his succour in vain.

Under an exterior serious and cold, Moliere concealed an ardent soul, a lively imagination, and a compassionate heart. It is known that his humanity was the cause of his death, and this sacrifice, made by virtue to the love of his fellow-creatures, puts the last seal to his glory.

—

Regnard.

It is certainly not as a moralist that Regnard occupies the next place to Moliere in the list of dramatic writers.

We will not dispute a rank which public opinion seems to have accorded him, though the judgment of literary men runs counter to it.

Regnard is more gay than humorous, more humorous than comic. He is satisfied when he makes us laugh, and seems to confine to this all his pretensions. The rights of the comic muse are, however, much more extensive, and the drama would never have been the first of arts, if it served only to make us merry.

Regnard is truly moral in one of his pieces only, and the claim to this piece Dufresny disputes with him.

It will readily be perceived that we refer to the *Joueur*, a work that is placed immediately after the admirable productions of Moliere and the *Metromanie*. What leads us to think that the claims of Dufresny are well founded, is, that in all his dramatic career Regnard has not been able to produce any thing at all to compare with it in merit. The other pieces of Regnard form a dangerous school for manners, but they often by their pleasantry make the most rigid philosopher smile.

If Regnard had entitled his *Legataire Universel* the *Punition du Celibat*, it would have been the most moral piece on the stage; at present it is the most dangerous.

Regnard has done great injury to the dramatic art by turning it from its moral end, which is considered by philosophers as the chief *apanage* of comedy. He conceived that he ought to pursue a different road from that of the author of *Tartuffe*, by striving to please by other means. He felt that the vicinity of this great man was too dangerous for him.

The life of Regnard exhibits a romance very extraordinary, and scarcely credible. The dangers he ran in his numerous travels, the singular adventures that happened to him, the strange events which sprung up under his feet, are entertaining to read, and furnish matter for a variety of reflections.

Regnard wrote with singular faci-

lity in the midst of a dissipated life, which was not extended beyond his thirty-fifth year.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XIX.

IN my last number I noticed some of the peculiar beauties of night; let me now proceed to point out some others: my subject naturally led me to contemplate her in the meridian of her reign, and I will now view her in a different stage of her progress.

Night, at its commencement, inspires the most pleasing sensations: we see the flocks retiring to their folds; the lowing herds laving their lusty limbs in the tranquil stream; the birds closing the business of the day with a song, and retiring to their leafy coverts, save the unwearied rambler*, who now swiftly sails (screaming) on the bosom of the air, now describing an airy circle, then darting swiftly from the higher regions towards the earth; we see the sun, glorious in his setting as in his rising, clothing the mountain tops with gold, while they stretch their enormous shadows across the dusky plain, the clouds glowing with his last rays, while his immense orb is sinking in the western ocean; the purple gleam of expiring day succeeded by the pensive gloom of evening stealing over every object; the general harmony, the silence of every thing discordant: all these inspire the mind with sensations which no language can adequately describe. Added to these, the weariness of the frame and spirits wonderfully disposes the mind to enjoy fully all the tranquil pleasures which these delightful hours are capable of affording. Contemplation, wrapt in the mantle of Night, with the finger of Silence on her lips, comes to open new scenes to the mind; her sober influence hushes the passions to rest, and Reason is permitted to reign with undivided sway. She paints all objects as they really are; no false, no flattering colours disguise the portrait; the plans of aspiring ambition, the delusions of glory, the follies of vanity, and the wishes of avarice, all appear in their proper hues. Those things which, during the hours of day, seemed valuable and interesting, lose much of their importance; those actions which then seemed virtuous or justifiable (into the commission of which we have been betrayed by the ardour of passion or the impulse of interest), now, viewed through a clearer medium, are found to be vicious or improper. The hour of self-examination then arrives; we look into ourselves, we consider our actions in a proper light, we weigh them in an even balance. Before, we acted not as we thought we ought to act, but as we thought spectators would act in similar cases: thus we too often find impurity, vice, and selfishness, where we expected to find purity, virtue, and generosity; it teaches us a lesson of humility and caution, and bids us regulate our future conduct by a more certain standard.

Night, however, is not always thus: spring and summer pass away, and autumn warns us that winter, in all his rigour, will close the scene. Yet even a wintry night is not without its beauties; its celestial glories remain the same, though the terrestrial features are changed. The scene of our enjoyments is then principally removed to the cheerful fireside, where we may defy the fury of the cutting blast, and driving snow, and learn to enjoy the pleasures of an opposite season with a greater relish.

Midnight is the time when all the terrors which superstition can inspire are most dreaded. It is indeed a solemn hour; the awful stillness which reigns around, the darkness, and a variety of circumstances arising from various causes, tend to ren-

* A bird known by the name of the night-hawk, which is very common here.

der it so, independent of the terrors with which superstition has invested it. Nor has this tendency been unfelt in any age, or overlooked by any observer; all true poets, whether sacred or profane, have raised their boldest structures upon this foundation; it has furnished them with their most sublime conceptions, and terrific descriptions. They well knew they struck a chord whose vibrations are universally extensive. "A day of clouds and thick darkness" conveys in a few words a most sublime description; yet what is there wonderful in it? A day of clouds is by no means uncommon, and "thick darkness," except in sound, is nothing more than a cloudy night; yet, by a certain association of ideas, we find ourselves infinitely more struck with the one than with the other. Something, it is true, must be allowed for the singular felicity of the expression, but *more* certainly from the combined effects of physical, moral, and habitual causes, which frequently operate in a manner not easily understood or explained.

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, July 10th, 1807.

For the Literary Magazine.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

AMONG the measures submitted to the consideration of the legislature of Pennsylvania at their late session, was an interesting report by Mr. Dorsey on the subject of weights and measures. After stating the total inefficiency of the existing laws of Pennsylvania in this respect, the committee submitted the following plan, embraced by a bill previously before the legislature.

The subject, from its influence on almost all the concerns of life, and from the tendency of a *uniform system* to add another tie to the union of the several states, loudly claims the interposition of the general government; and we are particularly led to a republication of this plan, under the hope that the public attention may be thereby drawn to the subject, and that the previous investigations of philosophical men may prepare congress for the adoption of sound and enlightened provisions.

"1. A plan for the establishment of standards for weights and measures.

"The whole system to be comprised in three articles or units of regulation, viz.

"The unit of extension, the unit of capacity, and the unit of weight, to wit:

"The unit or measure of extension to be the same, and no other than the English foot-rule or measure, which has heretofore always obtained, as well throughout the whole of the United States, in the measurement of the lands thereof, to be ascertained as regards exactitude by the mayor and aldermen of the city of Philadelphia, after taking into aid the officers of the mint of the United States, and of the Philosophical Society, who will, when required, afford such aid, and who, it is believed, are in possession of the means by which to ascertain and determine such unit or foot measure, to wit: Bird's standard of the British exchequer scale, and a comparative and corroborative test of the same, by means of two well regulated and authentic French toises, and an accurate French metre, with other data; the said unit or foot, when so ascertained, to be divided on one side into twelfths or inches, and parts of inches, in the usual manner, and on the other side into tenths of such unit or foot, and again into tenths of such tenths, or hundredths of such foot.

"2. The unit or measure of capacity, or common pint measure, to contain sixteen such cubical tenths of the aforesaid unit or foot measure, to be fashioned (as regards the regulator or standards only) in a square form, the sides and bottom to be at least the half of such decimal inch in thickness.

"3. The unit of weight or pound avoirdupois, to be equal to the weight

of as much distilled or pure water, as at the temperature of the sixtieth degree of the thermometer of Fahrenheit, will fill the aforesaid unit or pint measure of capacity, the said measure also being at the said temperature of sixty degrees.

"The whole of this system is founded on a known principle, to wit: that a cubic foot of distilled or pure water, at 60 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, is just equal to one thousand ounces avoirdupois, it follows, that as there are exactly one thousand cubic decimals or tenths in such cubic, or square foot, every such tenth or cubic decimal is an ounce avoirdupois, and that sixteen of these are equal to a pound of the said avoirdupois.

"The three standards as aforesaid to be all made of the metal called platina, in a strong manner, and of the best workmanship, to be kept in the most secure way from damage or fire, and to have engraven on each of them these words: "Pennsylvania original standard for the unit of extension of capacity or of weight," as to each of them shall properly belong, to be regulated in the first instance at the said temperature of sixty degrees of Fahrenheit, and at all times, when used for the examination or regulation of other standards, to be deduced therefrom, to be at the same precise temperature, to be at all times in the possession of the mayor of the city of Philadelphia, for the time being, and to be delivered to his successor in office, all of whom to be enjoined not to suffer any alteration, or use, other than for the purpose herein before expressed.

"From these said three standards are to be derived, ascertained, and determined, by the said mayor and aldermen, all other standards, as well in the increasing as the decreasing ratio, which said increasing or decreasing ratio should, in all instances, be by tens or decimals; and the said mayor and aldermen to cause to be made, according to the aforesaid original standards, a set for the use of the regulator or regulators of the said city and county, in such manner, and in such divisions or increase, by the order of tens or decimals, as to them shall appear best, and to cause to be engraven on each and every such standard the words "Pennsylvania Standard" for such or so many units or parts thereof, as the same shall contain, which set, when completed, to be delivered to the said officers of regulation for the said city and county; the expence of which, as well as of the original standards, to be paid by the said city and county.

"The select and common councils of the city of Philadelphia to be authorized to make any law or ordinance, imposing reasonable fines within the said city and county on the officers who shall be appointed regulators as aforesaid, on persons refusing to have their weights and measures examined, for not sending them when required, and also for fixing the prices for regulating defective or new weights or measures. And further, the said select and common councils to be authorized to determine the mode by which measures should be tried, whether by the seed called millet, by flax-seed passing through a funnel, or by water; to cause the standards for large dry measures to be made of wood, in the best manner, and properly secured against wear, to be regulated from the said originals, at the aforesaid temperature of sixty degrees; and also to prevent the further making or using weights made of lead or soft metal, and to determine on the striking of all dry measures.

"A schedule or detail of all the measures necessary by the foregoing system will, if time shall permit, be offered by your committee; at present it is sufficient to observe, that the principal variation consists in the division of the foot into decimals, notwithstanding which the old divisions of twelfths or inches are still retained, and may be used by those attached to that mode. The accuracy and facility of this mode has been sufficiently proved in the instance of the division of the dollar

of the United States, by such decimal or tenths and hundreds. Nor is this system incompatible with any scheme, which may (if ever it can) be adopted for a universal standard, whether the same shall be effected by means of matter or motion, the pendulum or the degree; inasmuch as our foot, on the exactitude of which our whole landed property is held, and which of consequence can never be departed from, will still remain and be established thereby or therefrom, as an integer holding its proportion thereto. In addition to all which, this system contains the principle of correcting itself, for instance, a pound (or the unit of) weight of such pure or distilled water, weighed in the aforesaid temperature of sixty degrees of Fahrenheit, will, when squared, exhibit not only the unit or pint measure of capacity, but also the original unit or foot of mensuration from which the said unit or pound was derived.

"Your committee, therefore, recommend that the senators be instructed, and the members of the house of representatives, in the congress of the United States, requested to use their endeavours to procure a law for the establishment of a uniform system of weights and measures: and also that the considerations and data connected with that subject, as herein before stated, be recommended to the early attention of the next legislature of this commonwealth, to be by them considered at the time when the bill for the same purpose already recommended to their attention shall be before them."

For the Literary Magazine.

HISTORICAL REMARKS ON SUICIDE.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

SINCE the commencement of the French revolution, the attention of the public has been directed in a more than common degree to the subject of infidelity, and the consequences which usually attend it. While great industry has been displayed on the one part to disseminate writings unfavourable to christianity, men of undoubtedly great talents have stepped forward, on the other, to rouse in the minds of the people those principles which, in days of peace and prosperity, are too apt to become dormant. The contest has now nearly subsided; the cause of christianity has been amply vindicated, and the beneficial tendency of its principles fully established by a contrast with the miseries and crimes of those countries where infidelity has spread its baneful influence.

But there is one crime which still seems to increase, and which must in every view be considered as the most direct proof of practical infidelity: I mean *suicide*, an instance in which a man may be said to die a martyr to unbelief, or to seal with his blood the principles which he has learned from the French and other infidel writers.

There is no way in which we can contemplate this too common practice that is not shocking to our feelings, and no advice to be given on the subject that can be too often repeated. It is, indeed, usual to attribute it in most cases to insanity, but that insanity is usually of a temporary nature, and, however often admitted by the lenity of a coroner's jury, is in fact a fit of disappointed pride or ambition, arising from previous misconduct. Allow me, sir, on this occasion, to put together some remarks on the history of this crime, for, to whatever it may be imputed among us, and I have no hesitation in asserting that the prevalence of infidelity must be the cause in a nation professing christianity, we shall find that almost every nation has exhibited examples of it.

It is, however, one of those crimes which we are led to believe is not very common among savage nations. The first instances of it recorded in the Jewish history are those of Saul

and Ahitophel; for the death of Samson cannot be reckoned a proper example. We have no reason to suppose that it became common among the Jews till their wars with the Romans, when multitudes slaughtered themselves, that they might not fall alive into the hands of their enemies. But, at this period, the Jews were a most desperate and abandoned race of men, had corrupted the religion of their fathers, and rejected that pure system which their promised Messiah came to Jerusalem to announce.

When it became remarkable among the Greeks, we have not been able to discover; but it was forbidden by Pythagoras, as we learn from Athenæus, by Socrates and Aristotle, and by the Theban and Athenian laws. In the earliest ages of the Roman republic it was seldom committed; but when luxury and the epicurean and stoical philosophy had corrupted the simplicity and virtue of the Roman character, then they began to seek shelter in suicide from their misfortunes, or the effects of their own vices.

The religious principles of the bramins of India led them to admire suicide, on particular occasions, as honourable. Accustomed to abstinence, mortification, and the contempt of death, they considered it as a mark of weakness of mind to submit to the infirmities of old age. We are informed that the modern Gentoos, who still in most things conform to the customs of their ancestors, when old and infirm, are frequently brought to the banks of rivers, particularly to those of the Ganges, that they may die in its sacred streams, which they believe can wash away the guilt of their sins. But the maxims of the bramins, which have encouraged this practice, we are assured, are a corruption of the doctrines of the Shastah, which positively forbid suicide, under the severest punishment. The practice which religion or affection has established among the Gentoos, for women, at the death of their husbands, to burn themselves alive on the funeral pile, ought not to be considered as suicide, for were the meaning of the word to be extended thus far, it would be as proper to apply it to those who chose rather to die in battle, than to make their escape at the expence of their honour. According to the Gentoo laws, "it is proper for a woman, after her husband's death, to burn herself in the fire with his corpse: every woman who thus burns, shall remain in paradise with her husband three crore and fifty lacks of years. If she cannot, she must in that case preserve an inviolable chastity. If she remains chaste, she goes to paradise; and if she does not preserve her chastity, she goes to hell."

A custom similar to this prevailed among many nations on the continent of America. When a chief died, a certain number of his wives, of his favourites, and of his slaves, were put to death, and interred together with him, that he might appear with the same dignity in his future station, and be waited upon by the same attendants. This persuasion is so deeply rooted, that many of their retainers offer themselves as victims; and the same custom prevails in many of the negro nations in Africa.

If we can believe the historians of Japan, voluntary death is common in that empire. The devotees of the idol Amida drown themselves in his presence, attended by their relations and friends, and several of the priests, who all consider the devoted person as a saint, who is gone to everlasting happiness. Such being the supposed honours appropriated to a voluntary death, it is not surprising that the Japanese anxiously cherish a contempt of life. Accordingly, it is a part of the education of their children, "to repeat poems in which the virtues of their ancestors are celebrated, an utter contempt of life is inculcated, and suicide is set up as the most heroic of actions."

A notion seems also to have prevailed among the ancient Scythian

indifference, his perfumes and his pleasures; and when brought to the scaffold, to die like Socrates or Malesherbes.

Experience therefore proves, that a taste for dress does not preclude acute ideas, or extinguish noble and generous sentiments; and if the most illustrious men did not endeavour to dissemble this taste, and the most austere nations did not fear to encourage it, why should it be condemned in those who live in an age like the present?

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PRAISE OF TIME.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

FOR ages past, Time has been the subject of reproaches and invectives; he has been treated as the universal destroyer, accused of overturning every thing, ruining the most solid monuments, leading in his train old age and death, and, in fine, covering the world with ravages and ruins. Let us endeavour to vindicate this venerable power from the injustice of his calumniators, by showing that, if he is the author of some inevitable evils, he amply compensates for it by the numerous benefits which he bestows on mankind.

Let us follow man from his birth to the tomb. *Time* enables him to walk and speak. By *Time* his limbs are strengthened and his organs developed. By the aid of *Time* he adorns his mind with the various knowledge that may contribute to his happiness. His heart speaks, his passions awaken, accumulate, and swell; the storm arises; and the disturbed mind, the sport of a thousand contrary winds, is dashed from rock to rock at the mercy of the waves. In vain Reason presents her torch, the thick clouds obscure its light; this compass itself, agitated by the tempest, serves only to lead astray, by its frequent oscillations. Who then appeases the multitudinous billows? who re-establishes the calm, and conducts the shipwrecked mariner to a safe harbour?—*Time.* Time alone extinguishes the flame of desire, represses the tumult of the passions, and at length restores tranquility and happiness to the heart of man.

Should the fortune of any one not be sufficient to his wants, whatever exertions he may make, the competence and ease to which he aspires can only be acquired by the aid of *Time*. *Time* alone can by degrees make known his merit, and open to him the road to honours and lucrative employments.

Celia complains that *Time* has withered her charms. But has she not been sufficiently indemnified for this loss? An equivocal conduct had cast on her reputation a disagreeable stain. *Time* has caused her faults to be forgotten, and restored her to respect and esteem. Her heart was consumed by a frantic passion for an ungrateful object, and her life became a torment to her. *Time* has destroyed the enchantment, and given again tranquility to her soul. A cruel malady slowly undermined her wasting frame; every remedy failed; *Time* alone has been able to make a perfect cure.

Maria has lost a beloved husband. Her friends in vain attempted to console her: they but irritated her grief. *Time*, with beneficent hand, has shed his soothing balm into her ulcerated heart; and Maria, forgetting the dead, has resumed, in favour of the living, her former gaiety and charms.

Henry sought to please the young and amiable Clara. In vain he displayed all the accomplishments which nature and education had bestowed on him; all his efforts were fruitless. Henry had recourse to *Time*; and *Time* softened the heart of his mistress, put a period to her rigours, and crowned the wishes of the fortunate Henry.

Freeport was overwhelmed with debts. He called a meeting of his

tribes, that it was pusillanimous and ignoble for a man, whose strength was wasted with disease or infirmity, so as to be useless to the community, to continue to live. It was reckoned a heroic action voluntarily to seek that death which he had not the good fortune to meet in the field of battle. Perversion of moral feeling does not spring up, it is to be hoped, spontaneously in any nation, but is produced by some peculiarities of situation. A wandering people like the Scythians, who roamed about from place to place, might often find it impossible to attend the sick, or to supply from their precarious store the wants of the aged and infirm. The aged and infirm themselves, no longer able to support the character of warriors, would find themselves unhappy. In this way the practice of putting to death such persons as were useless to the community might originate, and afterward be inculcated as honourable; but he who put an end to his infirmities by his own hand, obtained a character still more illustrious.

The tribes of Scandinavia, which worshipped Odin, the "father of slaughter," were taught, that dying in the field of battle, was the most glorious event that could befal them. This was a maxim suited to a warlike nation. In order to establish it more firmly in the mind, all were excluded from Odin's feast of heroes who died a natural death. In Asgardia stood the hall of Odin; where, seated on a throne, he received the souls of his departing heroes. Natural death being thus deemed inglorious, and punished with exclusion from Valhalla (the hall of those who died by violence), the paradise of Odin, he who could not enjoy death in the field of battle, was led to seek it by his own hands, when sickness or old age began to assail him. In such a nation, suicide must have been very common.

As suicide prevailed much in the decline of the Roman empire, when luxury, licentiousness, profligacy, and false philosophy, pervaded the world, so it continued to prevail even after christianity was established. The Romans, when they became converts to christianity, did not renounce their ancient pretendices and false opinions, but blended them with the new religion which they embraced. The Gothic nations also, who subverted the Roman empire, while they received the christian religion, adhered to many of their former opinions and manners. Among other criminal practices, which were retained by the Romans and their conquerors, that of suicide was one; but the principles from which it proceeded were explained so as to appear more agreeable to the new system which they had espoused. It was committed, either to secure them from the danger of apostacy, to procure the honour of martyrdom, or to preserve the crown of virginity.

In all these instances, selected from the history of ancient nations, it will be seen that suicide differed in this respect from the same crime committed in our days, that among those barbarous nations, it was committed in the prospect of a great reward or honour. It had, if we may so speak, a rational object in view, and it was consistent with authorized practices or established laws.

But when we descend to modern times, we must lament to find so many instances of suicide among the most polished nations, who have the best opportunities of knowing the atrocity of that unnatural crime. The English have long been reproached by foreigners for the frequent commission of it; and the "gloomy month of November," has been stigmatized, but unjustly, as the season when it is most common. Mr. Moore, who some years ago published a voluminous work on this subject, was at great pains to obtain accurate information concerning the perpetration of this crime in different countries. Mercier, who wrote in 1783, says that the annual number of suicides in Paris was then about 150. He does not tell us how he came by the information; but we have the authori-

and Ahitophel; for the death of Samson cannot be reckoned a proper example. We have no reason to suppose that it became common among the Jews till their wars with the Romans, when multitudes slaughtered themselves, that they might not fall alive into the hands of their enemies. But, at this period, the Jews were a most desperate and abandoned race of men, had corrupted the religion of their fathers, and rejected that pure system which their promised Messiah came to Jerusalem to announce.

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The religious principles of the Brahmins of India led them to admire suicide, on particular occasions, as honourable. Accustomed to abstinence, mortification, and the contempt of death, they considered it as a mark of weakness of mind to submit to the infirmities of old age. We are informed that the modern Gentoos, who still in most things conform to the customs of their ancestors, when old and infirm, are frequently brought to the banks of rivers, particularly to those of the Ganges, that they may die in its sacred streams, which they believe can wash away the guilt of their sins. But the maxims of the brahmins, which have encouraged this practice, we are assured, are a corruption of the doctrines of the Shastah, which positively forbid suicide, under the severest punishment. The practice which religion or affection has established among the Gentoos for women, at the death of their husbands, to burn themselves alive on the funeral pile, ought not to be considered as suicide, for were the meaning of the word to be extended thus far, it would be as proper to apply it to those who chose rather to die in battle, than to make their escape at the expence of their honour. According to the Gentoo laws, "it is proper for a woman, after her husband's death, to burn herself in the fire with his corpse: every woman who thus burns, shall remain in paradise with her husband three crore and fifty lacks of years. If she cannot, she must in that case preserve an inviolable chastity. If she remains chaste, she goes to paradise; and if she does not preserve her chastity, she goes to hell."

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If we can believe the historians of Japan, voluntary death is common in that empire. The devotees of the idol Amida drown themselves in his presence, attended by their relations and friends, and several of the priests, who all consider the devoted person as a saint, who is gone to everlasting happiness. Such being the supposed honours appropriated to a voluntary death, it is not surprising that the Japanese anxiously cherish a contempt of life. Accordingly, it is a part of the education of their children, "to repeat poems in which the virtues of their ancestors are celebrated, an utter contempt of life is inculcated, and suicide is set up as the most heroic of actions."

A notion seems also to have prevailed among the ancient Scythian

these villages is a strongly fortified tower, in which, in case of invasion, they shut the women and the riches of the country. These towers, as well as all the houses, are built of wood, decorated with great art, and furnished with taste.

The dress of the Circassian men is a mixture of the Greek and Turkish habits. It consists of a pair of wide pantaloons, buskins, a close bodice fastened with a girdle, a kind of domino with open sleeves, and a cap or turban not very high, broad at top and narrow at bottom. They shave their beards, leaving very long mustachios.

The dress of the Circassian women is more simple and pleasing. It consists of pantaloons, a bodice, and a long robe in the Armenian taste, or a large furred pelisse. From the cap or bonnet, of the shape of a sugar-loaf, hangs a veil. This bonnet is richly ornamented with pearls.

The dress is never sold with the woman, unless agreed for separately. The Circassian women, however, like the European, wear, under all, a linen garment, which they change every day, and this garment the seller is obliged to give with the woman to the purchaser. In this state he delivers his merchandize.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

The following anecdotes of General *Washington* are given on the authority of the Monthly Register, a New York periodical publication, conducted by John Bristed, to whom they were transmitted by a correspondent at Philadelphia. These anecdotes are new to us; and if they gratify our readers as much as they have delighted us, the purpose for which we have inserted them will be fully answered.

WHILE a colonel, *Washington* was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment. There happened at this time to be an election in Alexandria for members of assembly, and the contest ran high between colonel G. Fairfax and Mr. Elzey. *Washington* was the warm friend of Fairfax, and a Mr. Payne headed the friends of Elzey. A dispute happening to take place in the court-house yard, *Washington*, a thing uncommon with him, got warm, and, which was still more uncommon, said something that offended Payne: whereupon the little gentleman, who, though but a cub in size, was the old lion in heart, raised his sturdy bickory, and, at a single blow, brought our hero to the ground. Several of *Washington*'s officers being present, whipped out their cold irons in an instant, and it was expected that there would have been murder off hand. To make bad worse, his regiment, hearing how he had been treated, bolted out from their barracks with every man his weapon in his hand, threatening dreadful vengeance to those who had dared to knock down their beloved colonel. Happily for Mr. Payne and his party, *Washington* recovered time enough to go out and meet his enraged soldiery, and after thanking them for this expression of their love assured them, that he was not hurt in the least, and begged them, as they loved him or their duty, to return peaceably to their barracks. As for himself, he went to his room, generously chastising his imprudence, which had thus struck out a spark, that had like to have thrown the whole room into a flame. Finding, on mature reflection, that he had been the aggressor, he resolved to make Mr. Payne honourable reparation by asking his pardon on the morrow! No sooner had he made this noble resolution, than recovering that delicious gaiety, which ever accompanies good purposes in a virtuous mind, he went to a ball in town that night, and behaved as pleasantly as though nothing had happened. Glorious proof that great souls, like great ships, are not affected by those puffs, which would overset feeble minds with passion, or sink them with spleen!

The next day, he went to a tavern,

ty of the abbe Fontana for asserting that more persons put an end to their lives in Paris, than in London. The abbe had this information from the lieutenant of the police. Mr. Moore was informed by one of the principal magistrates of Geneva, that in that city, which contains about 25,000 inhabitants, the average number of suicides is about eight. The average number of suicides, for the last twenty-eight years, has been thirty-two each year for London, Southwark, and Westminster. I have never seen any statement of the number of suicides in any of our cities, but I am inclined to believe their number does not fall short of that of London, in proportion to their population.

HERRICUS.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

HISTORY, travellers, and romances, have said nothing of the beauty of the Circassian women, which is not below the truth. Beauty has been long considered as an imaginary being, a thing of convention; and to justify this extravagant idea it has been alleged, that what is beautiful to the eyes of one people is not so to those of another; that a Chinese beauty would have no charms in France or England; and, in like manner, that a French or English beauty would have no attractions in the eyes of a Chinese. But the beauty of the Circassian women is a sufficient answer to this reasoning, since they are acknowledged to be beautiful by all nations. They are every where sought after, and are the ornament of all the seraglios of Asia, Africa, and Europe, because they possess that pleasing union of features, that just proportion of all the parts of the body, that splendour, those brilliant tints, that whole which cannot be defined, but which exists, and necessarily consti-

tutes beauty, since all men render it homage.

It is only in this point of view that the inhabitants of Circassia (a country between the Caspian and the Black seas) deserve the attention of the observing traveller. It will easily be conceived that a nation which considers woman as a merchandize can never make her a companion, nor consider marriage as a sacred and indissoluble union. We find, accordingly, that the Circassians have many wives, whom they change at pleasure; but the first wife always has a superiority over the others, which nothing can take away, and which she retains till death.

This first wife, who is usually married when extremely young, is purchased like the rest in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale, habited in the manner which is judged most likely to excite the desires of the buyer. No inquiry is made with respect to whence the woman who is purchased was brought; and if the names of her parents are asked, it is only to ascertain whether she derives her birth from a stock of pure and acknowledged beauty. The usual price of a beautiful Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piastres.

Women being the principal article of commerce in Circassia, every thing in their education and habitual life has for its object to preserve their beauty, and facilitate its development.

All domestic occupations are abandoned to the slaves, and women are solely employed with the arts of the toilette and the means of pleasing. They make it a particular study to modulate their voice in soft and melodious tones, and to display grace and elegance in every motion. Their habitations are intermingled with gardens, and form small villages very near to each other, and consisting of about twenty houses each. In the middle of each of

that Champfort said, "I have no great opinion of people with well-dressed and powdered hair, because they cannot venture to rub their heads round their heads."

The thoughts which flow to the brain produce a frequent titillation in the neighbouring region; and, therefore, the man of reflection must scratch himself often; the blockhead who wishes to pass for a man of wit scratches himself still more; and the woman who has something to do more important than that of thinking scratches very seldom. The manner of satisfying so universal a want ought to have been an object worthy of attention and emulation among men. But I see with regret that I must go back to antiquity, in order to find out the traces of this most simple and convenient practice. In the free cities, which contained as many rivals as citizens, an attentive observation of each other was the great art of life; and the science of physiognomy formed an entire part of the study of public jurisprudence. Barbarians judged of a hero exactly as they found him; but subtle republicans examined him more closely, and wished to know why they admired him. I have read Tacitus, Machiavel, count d'Avaux, and cardinal de Retz, and I have not found in them any thing that can be compared to the policy of Alcibiades, when he caused the tail of his dog to be cut off, in order to confound the prating idlers of Athens. It is to be presumed that he was the person who invented the mode of scratching the head with the point of the finger: this elegant exercise was in unison with the lisping which distinguished that great and accomplished man.

The practice passed from Athens to Rome, where it made such progress, that it became proverbial to describe men of delicate research in the following words. *Qui digito scalpunt non calunt.* I ask pardon of my young fellow-citizens for making use of expressions unknown to them; but Juvenal, from whom I have taken the passage, was such a pedant, that he never knew how to write a word of French.

Licinius Calvus has left us an epigram, in which he asked a young woman who was scratching with the point of her finger, if she was not looking for a husband. But this was only idle talk on the part of a poet, jealous of those who were good scratchers; because he himself was bald, as his name imports.

If there be any fact authenticated in history, it is this, that Pompey who was often called the Handsome than the great, never used more than one finger in scratching his head. For this he has been done justice to by the tribune of Claudius, by Seneca the elder, Ammianus Marcellinus, and the emperor Julian.

Julius Cæsar, another Roman still more illustrious, signalized himself in a similar manner, as we learn from Cicero and Plutarch. It is really worthy of remark, that the empire of the world was then contested for by two men who were the best scratchers of their age; and, for the honour of the gods, I would willingly believe, that, at Pharsalia, they decided in favour of him who had brought the art to the highest degree of perfection.

There can be no doubt but that, for the last ten years, we have inherited this fashion from the Greeks and Romans; and all our young beaus, rounded after the manner of the ancients, are so many proofs of the fact. Is it not, therefore, grievous to behold those pretty black heads scratched with such barbarous rusticity? I am ready to faint away, when, in the midst of a saloon or in the most elegant company, an Alcibiades or an Antinous opens his hands like two great combs, places them behind his ears, and in that form drives them from the bottom to the top of his head, leaving ten furrows in his hair to bear testimony to their passage.

What a horrible discordance! Is it fit, my countrymen, that, while the muses are instructing milliners and tailors, you should mix with

and wrote a polite note to Mr. Payne, whom he requested to meet him. Mr. Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the tavern, not without expecting to see a pair of pistols produced: but what was his surprise, on entering the chamber, to see a decanter of wine and glasses on the table. Washington arose, and in a friendly manner met him, and gave him his hand. "Mr. Payne," said he, "to err sometimes, is nature: to rectify error, is always glory. I find I was wrong in the affair of yesterday; you have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you think that sufficient, here's my hand: let us be friends."

A few years after this, Payne had a cause tried in Fairfax court, and Washington happened on that day to be in the house. The lawyer on the other side, finding he was going fast to leeward, thought he would luff up, with a whole broadside at Payne's character; and, after raking him fore and aft with abuse, he artfully bore away under the jury's prejudices, which he endeavoured to inflame against him. "Yes, please your worships," continued he, "as a proof that this Mr. Payne is a most turbulent fellow, and capable of all I tell you, be pleased to remember, gentlemen of the jury, this is the very man, who, sometime ago, treated our beloved Washington so barbarously. Yes, this is the wretch who dared, in this very court house yard, to lift his impious hand against that greatest and best of men, and knocked him down as though he had been but a bullock of the stall!"

This, roared out in a thundering tone, and with a tremendous stamp on the floor, made Payne look very wild; for he saw the countenances of the court begin to blacken on him. But Washington arose immediately, and addressed the bench:

"As to Mr Payne's character, may it please your worships," said he, "we have all the satisfaction to know that it is perfectly unexceptionable; and with respect to the little difference, which formerly happened between that gentleman and myself, it was instantly made up, and we have lived on the best terms ever since; and besides, I could wish all my acquaintance to know, that I entirely acquit Mr. Payne of blame in that affair, and take it all on myself as the aggressor."

Mr. Payne used often to relate another anecdote of Washington, which reflects equal honour on the goodness of his heart. "Immediately after the war," said he, "when the conquering hero was returned in peace to his home, with the laurels of victory green and flourishing on his head, I felt a strong desire to see him, and so set out for Mount Vernon. As I drew near the house I began to experience a rising fear lest he should call to mind the blow I gave him in former days. However, animating myself, I pushed on. Washington met me with a smiling welcome, and presently led me into an adjoining room where Mrs. Washington sat. "Here, my dear," said he, presenting me to his lady, "here is the little man, you have heard me so often talk of, and who, on a difference between us one day, had the resolution to knock me down, big as I am. I know you will honour him as he deserves, for I assure you he has the heart of a true Virginian." "He said this," continued Mr. Payne, "with the air that convinced me, that his long familiarity with war had not robbed him of a single spark of the goodness and nobleness of his heart; and Mrs. Washington looked at him, I thought, with something in her eyes which showed that he appeared to her greater and lovelier than ever."

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ART OF SCRATCHING THE HEAD.

From the French.

THE faculty of thinking is almost inseparably connected with scratching the head. It was for this reason

and with it were cultivated the arts of civility and dress. In the following age Paris became the asylum and centre of the arts, and fashion the idol there universally worshipped.

If, from the nations which have cultivated letters, we pass to the great men who have protected them, we shall find a new proof of this connection. Pericles went every day from the cabinet to the toilette, to the apartment of Aspasia. The elegant Lucullus was as celebrated for his eight or ten thousand dresses as for his victories over Mithridates. "His superb residence at Rome might be considered," says Plutarch, "as a palace of the muses." The master of the world, Augustus, sent for a mirror and adjusted his hair, when dying: and the famous Medicæas, so great, so active, when the affairs of the state required discernment and vigilance, when they were no longer urgent, was as anxiously attentive as a woman to the embellishments of his person.

Leo X, Francis I, and Louis XIV loved and encouraged equally improvements in dress and the arts. At the same time that Peter the great founded academies and opened public libraries, he invited the Muscovite beauties to his court, and presented them with gowns of a new shape. He civilized the fashions; and it was by his orders that the Russians shaved their beards. Examples of this kind might be greatly multiplied; nor are others wanting to prove, that, where literature and the arts have been neglected, dress has likewise been equally disregarded.

The stoics were great enemies to dress; and they condemned, in like manner, all cultivation of style and language. The Carthaginians had no taste for learning; neither had they any, notwithstanding their great trade and wealth, for dress. The people of Croton equally despised it; and we are told, also, that, in their eyes, the most laudable act of Jupiter was his having driven from heaven the god of the arts, the elegant Apollo.

A beautiful thought appears still more beautiful when arrayed in suitable and ornamental language; and the same motive which incites us to embellish reason with grace, must naturally induce us to heighten personal beauty with ornament. The mind is the beauty of men, and the care which they take to cultivate it is an indirect example which they give the women to adorn their beauty: that beauty which is to them the first gift of nature; or, at least, that to which they attach the greatest value, and which the greater part of men will ever consider as their most essential endowment. A well-suited dress, put on with taste, will make conquests, aided by some portion of beauty and wit, and sometimes even alone. Men may be made very secure prisoners by being enchained with ribands: the strongest bond is not always that which holds them fastest.

Since all men avoid those who have not the good fortune to please them, why should they condemn those who are unwilling to omit any thing which they think may conduce to render themselves agreeable?

M. de Buffon has somewhere said, that our dress is a part of ourselves; and, however little we may have studied mankind, we must be convinced of the justness of this reflection. It would be difficult to determine whether, when we commend their figure and their beauty, they find themselves more gratified than when we praise their taste in dress, and the grace with which they wear its ornaments; it is at least almost certain that they would prefer the latter praise to that which is bestowed on many (perhaps more valuable) endowments.

With respect to the importance attached by women to dress, is it their fault if exterior objects always make the greatest impression upon them? Is it their fault, also, if almost the first ideas presented to their minds have dress for their ob-

their finest performances all the rudeness of the peasants of the Danube? But your error proceeds only from ignorance; and, thanks to Heaven! it will soon be removed. Young persons in an antique fashion like you, should not scratch, except with the end of the finger, without incurring the imputation of barbarism; and, in obeying this precept, to which Cæsar and Pompey submitted, you will, in time, give a proof of asticism and erudition.

I expect that you will perfect yourselves in this exercise. The display of the arm, the whiteness of the hand, the lustre of a ring, are elements worthy of your combinations. Why then should not the fingers sporting on your hands have sufficient genius and expression to show us, by the variety of its movements, whether you are throwing out a declaration of love, or are receiving information concerning the fierce convolidée.

For the Literary Magazine.

ESSAY ON DRESS.

THERE have been at all times violent declaimers against an attention to dress, which has also had, from time immemorial, illustrious defenders. In fact, it is averred, that the most polished and enlightened nations have been precisely those that have been most addicted to the cultivation of the arts of dress. It seems as if there were an immutable analogy between a taste for the arts and a taste for dress, in such a manner that the latter may almost be considered as a certain thermometer of the degree of the former.

Among the ancients, the goddess of science had for her attributes, on the one side books and mathematical instruments, and on the other needles, spindles, and instruments for embroidery. Their mythology, which was almost always an allegory equally just and ingenious, proves that the instinct of genius

* Travels of Anacharsis.

(for experience, in this respect, they as yet could not have) had caused them to discover this relation.

Let us cast a rapid glance over the nations who loved and cultivated the arts. We shall find that the poets, the philosophers, the heroines, and the beauties, vied with each other in their exertions to charm the mind and the eyes; the former by the lustre of their talents, the latter by the allurement of personal ornaments.

In Greece, both were frequently equally solicitous to adorn at once their persons and their minds: thus we find that Plato, the wise Plato, seldom went to the Academy without his purple mantle; and it was Aspasia, the coquette Aspasia, who taught rhetoric to Socrates.

It is to be remarked, likewise, that the genial ladies of Athens were almost all equally polite and well-informed; while those who made a merit of not being in the fashion piqued themselves likewise on not being able to spell*.

The ancient rival of ancient Athens, Marseilles, which produced so many illustrious men of learning; Marseilles, whose urbanity is extolled by Livy, and which Pliny calls the mistress of the arts, was so celebrated for the attention of its inhabitants to dress, that, as Athenæus tells us, they became proverbial for it.

It was when the fine arts flourished among the Romans, in the time of Virgil, Sallust, and Athenodorus, that Rome was most devoted to fashions and dress. Horace complains of this: yet, when the return of Augustus was to be celebrated, his flattering Apollo advised the Roman ladies to adorn themselves with their most modish ribands. "Let some one seek," exclaims he, "the singer Neæra! Let her come habited in her most brilliant robe, to celebrate with me this happy day!"

In the fifteenth century, learning was revived and cultivated in Italy,

indifference, his perfumes and his pleasures; and when brought to the scaffold, to die like Socrates or Malesherbes.

Experience therefore proves, that a taste for dress does not preclude acute ideas, or extinguish noble and generous sentiments; and if the most illustrious men did not endeavour to dissemble this taste, and the most austere nations did not fear to encourage it, why should it be condemned in those who live in an age like the present?

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PRAISE OF TIME.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

FOR ages past, Time has been the subject of reproaches and invectives; he has been treated as the universal destroyer, accused of overturning every thing, ruining the most solid monuments, leading in his train old age and death, and, in fine, covering the world with ravages and ruins. Let us endeavour to vindicate this venerable power from the injustice of his calumniators, by showing that, if he is the author of some inevitable evils, he amply compensates for it by the numerous benefits which he bestows on mankind.

Let us follow man from his birth to the tomb. Time enables him to walk and speak. By Time his limbs are strengthened and his organs developed. By the aid of Time he adorns his mind with the various knowledge that may contribute to his happiness. His heart speaks, his passions awaken, accumulate, and swell; the storm arises; and the disturbed mind, the sport of a thousand contrary winds, is dashed from rock to rock at the mercy of the waves. In vain Reason presents her torch, the thick clouds obscure its light; this compass itself, agitated by the tempest, serves only to lead astray, by its frequent oscil-

lations. Who then appeases the multitudinous billows? who re-establishes the calm, and conducts the shipwrecked mariner to a safe harbour?—Time. Time alone extinguishes the flame of desire, represses the tumult of the passions, and at length restores tranquility and happiness to the heart of man.

Should the fortune of any one not be sufficient to his wants, whatever exertions he may make, the competence and ease to which he aspires can only be acquired by the aid of Time. Time alone can by degrees make known his merit, and open to him the road to honours and lucrative employments.

Celia complains that Time has withered her charms. But has she not been sufficiently indemnified for this loss? An equivocal conduct had cast on her reputation a disgraceable stain. Time has caused her faults to be forgotten, and restored her to respect and esteem. Her heart was consumed by a frantic passion for an ungrateful object, and her life became a torment to her. Time has destroyed the enchantment, and given again tranquility to her soul. A cruel malady slowly undermined her wasting frame; every remedy failed; Time alone has been able to make a perfect cure.

Maria has lost a beloved husband. Her friends in vain attempted to console her: they but irritated her grief. Time, with beneficent hand, has shed his soothing balm into her ulcerated heart; and Maria, forgetting the dead, has resumed, in favour of the living, her former gaiety and charms.

Henry sought to please the young and amiable Clara. In vain he displayed all the accomplishments which nature and education had bestowed on him; all his efforts were fruitless. Henry had recourse to Time; and Time softened the heart of his mistress, put a period to her rigours, and crowned the wishes of the fortunate Henry.

Freeport was overwhelmed with debts. He called a meeting of his

ject? Is it not, in some measure, the first art which they are made to study, by giving the doll into their hands? The toys of infancy are frequently only the means of conveying disguised instruction united to that age.

Dress, in general, seems to be naturally so important to, I will not say women only, but even men, that among the Lacedæmonians, who certainly gave little encouragement to coquetry, young persons were permitted, by way of encouragement or reward, to ornament their habits and arms. They perfumed themselves, and carefully adjusted their hair, on the evening preceding a battle; and when they were drawn up to engage their enemies, the king, after having caused the song of Castor to be played, ordered them to crown their heads with chaplets of flowers.

At Rome, even at the time when her manners were most austere, the senate, on a very extraordinary emergency, in some manner authorized and consecrated a taste for dress. The vengeance of Coriolanus, as is well known, was subdued by the entreaties of his mother and his wife, and Rome was indebted solely to their tears for her safety and her liberty. What did the senate in this case? Did it decree crowns, statues, and public homage? Nothing of these. To discharge the debt of the country to the amiable sex, it passed a solemn decree, permitting the Roman ladies to add a new ornament to their dress. The love of dress, it may indeed be admitted, is generally a proof of frivolity of mind: but we should judge wrong, were we to suppose it an invariable sign of effeminacy or want of courage: nay, it is an error to imagine it incompatible even with genius and exalted sentiments. Alcibiades, the disciple of Socrates, was the best-dressed and most fashionable man of his time. But though he was elegant and polite at Athens, delicate and voluptuous in Ionia, and sumptuous with the satrap Tissaphernes, he could live at Lacedæmon with all the austerity of the most rigid Spartan, and was a great general at the head of armies. The famous Hortensius, the rival of Cicero, was one of the most celebrated *Petit-maîtres* of antiquity. He was generally esteemed as a model of Roman eloquence and fashionable extravagance. He is said to have commenced an action against a careless fellow, who in passing him had disordered the folds of his robe. The ridicule which this great orator did not fear to encounter in this instance is a remarkable proof of the importance which be annexed to his dress.

There was at Rome, in the time of Quintus Flaminius, a Messenian, named Dinocrates, a man addicted to all the fopperies, and immersed in all the most fashionable luxuries of the age. One day, after having, at a sumptuous entertainment, feasted on the most delicate dishes, and drunk deeply of the most costly wines, he put on a very effeminate dress, and went to a ball at which Pleasure and the Graces presided. When this was over, the elegant top mounted a carricle of that time, and, humming the most fashionable air of the day, drove to the house of Flaminius, to request his assistance in executing a plan he had formed for detaching Messina from the Achæan league.

"I will consider of it," said Flaminius: "it is certainly well conceived; but I could not have imagined that a person who would dance in the dress in which you now appear could have been capable of forming a plan of such magnitude."

The history of the French revolution will furnish more than one example of similar versatility and seeming contrariety of character. The promenades and spectacles of Paris, the walks of Bagatelle or Tivoli, have exhibited more than one Dinocrates. More than one Alcibiades, accustomed to all the enjoyments of luxury, all the delicacies of voluptuousness, has been seen, when oppressed by poverty, or proscribed by tyranny, to renounce, with heroic

creditors, who granted him the *time* he requested. *Time* brought on the death of a relation to whom he was heir, enabled him to marry a rich and handsome widow, and, in consequence, to pay his creditors.

By the aid of *Time* every thing is done; but, without *Time*, nothing. "I would undertake your business," says a friend to you, "but I have not *time*." Why does this literary work contain so many errors? Because the author did not employ the *time* necessary to render it correct. Why is my eulogium on *Time* so short, when the subject furnishes such ample materials for enlargement? Because I have not *time* to say more.

HILARIO.

For the Literary Magazine.

LIFE OF GODFRED AUGUSTUS BURGER.

THE poet, says Burger, in one of his prefaces, lays no claim in the scale of being to the rank of a sun; he is content with the humbler, harmless, welcome offices of the zephyr. What, though he neither move the mills of manufacture, nor the ships of commerce, he may unfold the petals of the sweetest flowers, and kindle the flush of ripeness on the most delicious fruits; he may fan the brow of weary toil, or lap in Elysian airs the strolling enthusiast of nature. Well may he expect then at his tomb the sigh of regret, the cypress-wreath of elegy, and the biographic memorial of posthumous admiration.

Godfred Augustus was the second child and only son of the lutheran minister John Godfred Burger, by his wife Gertrude Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Baner. He was born in 1748, on new year's day, at Wolmerswende, in the German principality of Halberstadt, and inherited with the indolence of his father the talents of his mother. His early progress was inconsiderable. At ten years of age he could barely read and write. But he had a good memory: he learned by heart, and repeated with ease, many of Luther's hymns, and other pious fragments. He read the bible with delight: the historical books, the prophets, and psalms, and especially the apocalypse, were turned over by him daily with renewed pleasure.

To these hymns of Luther he ascribed, in after life, the hint of that impressive popularity which characterized his ballads. He had always an ear for rhythm, and, while a boy, would indicate and blame the lines which had half a foot too much, or which were so constructed as to throw on distinct syllables the *ictus* of the scanner and emphasis of the reader. By a kind of instinct he knew already what interfered with effect. He loved to stroll alone about a wild uninclosed heath near his father's home. He was ordered to carry a Latin grammar in his pocket, and to learn his declensions. The first rudiments his mother attempted to teach him.

He was next entrusted to the care of a neighbouring preacher; but so averse was he to this kind of application, that after two years he did not know his grammar, and was forced to withdraw as a dunce incapable of literary culture.

In 1760, his grandfather put him to a boarding-school at Aschersleben, under the rector Auerbach. Here young Burger learned something, and exerted his talent for versification in a poem on the fire that happened in the spring of 1764 at Aschersleben, which advantageously displays both his metrical and pious turn of mind. An epigram on the usher's bag-wig, which the poet's school-fellows repeated with troublesome and seditious complacency, soon after occasioned his expulsion as a ringleader in this petty insurrection against authority.

He was next sent to the university of Hallé, to study theology. This was not the profession of his choice, but his choice of this profession was the condition of his grandfather's boun-

ty. He accordingly went through the routine of instruction, and once preached in a village near Hallé.

But his acquaintance while at this college with Klotze, a man of literary attainments and free manners, brought on Burger a reputation for libertinism, which, in the then state of protestant Germany, was supposed incompatible with the pastoral office. Even his grandfather thought it necessary he should relinquish the holy profession for the study of the law, and accordingly consented to his removal to Gottingen for that purpose, in the Easter term of 1768. To jurisprudence he applied with assiduity, and became well versed in the Pandects; but experience had taught him no discretion in respect to his personal conduct. The lodgings which Klotze recommended he took at Gottingen, and again made a noise by his dissoluteness, which provoked his grand-father to withdraw his patronage. Poor and a rake, it was difficult not to incur a style of living repulsive to mere acquaintance, and disgusting even to the tolerance of friendship. Biester, Sprengel, and Boie, were among those friends who valued in Burger the good qualities which still remained to him, and who conferred on his adversity what it admitted of consolation. For Biester he was conceived to feel; to Boie he was thought to owe predilection.

A humorous poetical epistle to Sprengle, requiring back a great coat left at his rooms, and the drinking song, *Herr Bacchus ist ein braver Mann*, were then considered as indicating the natural line of pursuit for his literary talents. Pecuniary distress had made him sensible of the necessity of exertion; for the fear of want is a stronger stimulus than the hope of remote advancement.

It was now that he first read with ardour the ancient classics, and that he applied to the modern languages with assiduity. English, French, Italian, Spanish, all yielded to his efforts. With Burger and his companions Shakspeare became so favourite an author, that they agreed, one April night, to have a frolic in honour of his birth-day, at which all the conversation should be conducted in quotations from the English dramatist. Baron Rielmansegge was their host, and so glibly would his guests repeat with sir Toby, "Art any thing but a steward? Dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale?" that by the hour of separation their turbulence drew the attention of the police, and they had to "rub their chain with crumbs." [Dass sie ihren Rausch auf dem Career ausschlasen mufsten.] Burger delighted also in Spanish literature, and composed in that language an original story, which Boie still possesses.

Gotter, a young man, formed by the study of French models to a love of correct and polished versification, came to Gottingen in 1769, and associated with Burger and his friends. He had brought with him a Parisian Almanack of the Muses, and took pleasure in exhibiting those pencil-geraniums, with which the Gressets, the Dorats, and the Pezais, had stocked this annual anthology. To Gotter, Burger attached himself greatly, and in his society certainly acquired considerable taste: in short, his natural tendency to the exorbitant, the extravagant, the eccentric, was somewhat pruned away. They formed in concert a German Almanack of the Muses. Rastner, the epigrammatist, promised them his assistance; Boie was alert in his solicitations for contribution, and obtained, in a trip to Berlin, the avowed patronage of the German Horace, Ramler, a friend the more important, as he had access to the directories of periodical criticism. Under such auspices the Almanack of the Muses was not only likely to merit but to obtain speedy popularity. It accordingly succeeded to admiration, and continued from 1770 to 1775, under the same management, with annually increasing reputation.

Burger envied, as he says in some

of his letters, the correctness and ease of his friend Gotter's versification: to him all he produced was carried for criticism, and was at first sturdily defended against objections, but much was always altered eventually in deference to the judgment of the censor. Flushed with the glow of animation, Burger would often present his verses with the comic entreaty, for this once not to find any fault; yet he was best pleased with a captious commentary, which put every epithet to the torture. Thus he gradually accomplished himself in the fine art *de faire difficilement des vers.*

Throughout life he maintained that his reputation as a poet was far less a result of any unusual talent in him, than of the perpetual use of the file, meaning by that, the extraordinary pains he bestowed on all his compositions: his best poems, he said, were precisely those which had cost him most labour. He would alter not merely words and lines, but left scarcely one vestige of his first composition. A translation of the *Hameau* of *Bernard*, and another most masterly one of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, were among the exercitations which Burger chronicled in the German Muses' Almanack. The comic ballad Europa is also his, although the loose turn of the story occasioned him to suppress his usual signature.

In Germany it is not uncommon for polished families to bespeak a birth day ode, an epithalamium, or an elegy on those occasions which form a sort of epocha in the history of their existence. To the poet a pecuniary recompence is sent, and a splendid edition of his work is distributed among the friends of the house. The notice which Burger began to obtain occasioned many applications of this kind: and to him it was convenient, by means like these, to repair his shattered finances. Several heirs of fortune, several happy mothers, have now the pleasure of boasting, "my birth day was sung," or "my wedding was celebrated, by Burger."

In 1771 Holty, the elegiac, and Voss, the bucolick poet, Miller, author of Siegwart and Mariamne, a writer of great sensibility, and the two counts Stolberg, of whom Frederick Leopold is the most known by poems, travels, and a romance called "The Island," came to Gottingen, as yet "youths unknown to fame." They were soon attracted by the natural magnetism of genius within the circle which had assembled round Burger; and after his removal from Gottingen, in the following year, they continued to visit his rustic retreat. It was the influence of Boie which obtained for Burger, in 1772, a sort of stewardship of the manor of Alten Gleichen, under the noble family of Usler. The acceptance of the place occasioned a reconciliation between the poet and his grandfather, who was willing to encourage this symptom of economic care and returning prudence, by paying off the debts incurred at Gottingen by his grandson.

Boie was absent. A less faithful friend undertook the liquidation; nearly seven hundred dollars of this advance passed into the hands, not of Burger's creditors, but of a spendthrift associate. The student could not refund: the grandfather was inexorable; and Burger migrated to his new residence, still encumbered with college debts, which for years disturbed his repose, but which his sloth could never summon the means of discharging.

Here it was that Burger first met with Herder's dissertation on the songs of rude nations, which drew his attention to the ballads of England, and with Percy's Reliques, which immediately became his manual. These books decided for ever the character of his excellence. From a free translation of "The Friar of Orders Gray" (*Bruder Graurock*), and "The Child of Elle" (*Die Entfuhrung*), and from an imitation of Dryden's Guiscardo and Sigismunda (*Lenardo and Blandine*), he rapidly passed on to the production of "The Wild Huntsman," "The Parson's Daughter," and

"Lenore." The two latter are probably the finest ballads extant. No other minstrel communicates to the reader an equal degree of interest and agitation; it is difficult to peruse them in the closet without breaking loose into pantomime. Nor is he less master of the more difficultly arousable, rapid, and impetuous movements of the soul, than of the tenderer feelings of the heart. His extraordinary powers of language are founded on a rejection of the conventional phraseology of regular poetry, in favour of popular forms of expression, caught by the listening artist from the voice of agitated nature. Imitative harmony he pursues almost to excess: the *onomatopœia* is his prevailing figure; the interjection his favourite part of speech: arrangement, rhyme, sound, time, are always with him an echo to the sense. The hurrying vigour of his diction is unrivalled; yet is so natural, even in its sublimity, that his poetry is singularly fitted to become a national and popular song. The Lenore was first communicated to Boie, who eagerly induced several of the Gottingen party to ride with him to Alten Gleichen, and hear it. The effect was peculiarly great on the younger count Stolberg, at the stanza,

Anon, an iron-grated door
  Fast biggens on their view:
He crack'd his whip, and smash! in twain
  Bolt, bar, and portal flew.

Frederick Leopold, on hearing these lines, started from his seat in an agony of rapturous terror.

Near two years were passed lonesomely by Burger in his rural station, but they were the two years of his life the most valuable to the public. He married, in September 1774, a farmer's daughter of the neighbourhood, by name Niedock, whose devoted, whose heroic attachment to him, was never more conspicuous than in moments of the most untoward adversity. In the village of Wollmershausen, he hired the snug cottage to which he conducted his bride. An old schoolfellow, Gockingk, went to visit him there on his marriage, and renewed an intimacy, which suffered no subsequent interruption.

Financical difficulties were probably the cause which, in 1776, aroused Burger to publish in the German Museum, then a magazine of some celebrity, proposals for an Iambic version of the Iliad. The annexed specimens were distinguished for a more than Homeric rapidity of diction, and for an absence of stateliness, less unfaithful than the euphemism of Pope, and more attaching than the solemnity of Cowper. But as the younger count Stolberg had also made some progress in the same enterprise: as his specimens, more dexterously chosen, divided at least the suffrage of critics, and possessed the advantage of copying the hexametrical lines of the original; as his industry speedily outstripped the short fits of Burger's application, and soon completed the publication of the Iliad; this enterprise was abandoned without advantage to his fortune or his fame, after having extended beyond six books. The Epistle of Defiance, addressed on the occasion to Stolberg, is one of the most spirited of Burger's smaller poems.

His next literary undertaking was a translation of Macbeth, brought out at Hamburg for the benefit of Schroder, an artist-actor who excelled in personating the heroes of Shakspeare. This translation although too much abridged, and in the witch scenes too low, is in some respects superior to the original. The character of Banquo has acquired more consequence, by the introduction of a good soliloquy at the beginning of the second act. Of the third act the third scene is omitted: the murder of Banquo being made known from the narration of the murderer in the next. In like manner the second scene of the fourth act is curtailed; the disgusting butchery of Macduff's child being far more pathetically stated by Rosse afterwards. The fourth scene of

the fifth act is also with propriety omitted; as the removal of Birnam wood is sufficiently explained by the narrative of the scout.

The father-in-law of Burger died in 1777. In consequence of this event, an intricate and inconvenient executorship devolved on the poet. A law-suit, which it obliged him to conduct, displayed, indeed, his professional qualifications, but absorbed his leisure in vexatious frivolities. The inheritance to which he acceded, did not much improve his circumstances; which an increasing family rendered daily more insufficient.

In 1778 he undertook the exclusive compilation of the Gottingen Almanack of the Muses (while Goeckingk and Voss established a new one at Hamburg), and assisted also in other periodical publications. The wages of authorship no where form an adequate resource, if a liberal maintenance be the object. There is, however, a pleasure in composition, there is a pleasure in praise, there is a pleasure, even when unknown, in contributing to tincture the general flow of opinion; these constitute the chief rewards, for, as a necessary division of human labour, it is certainly underpaid. Burger found it so; and, in 1780, forsook the muses for Pan, and applied to the rural gods for a maintenance refused him by the nine. The farm he hired was situate in Appenrode. An additional motive to this determination was, perhaps, that the accounts of his stewardship were negligently managed; and that something, very like a formal charge of peculation, had been made against him to the lords of Uslar. This accusation, indeed, Burger repelled; but his carelessness made his resignation a duty, and it was accepted with readiness.

In 1784 his wife died. His farm appeared unproductive, probably because it was abandoned to the management of servants; and he once more removed, with his children, to Gottingen, where he subsisted partly by writing, and partly by private tuition. He read lectures there on the German style and the theory of taste; and after five years residence obtained a professorship.

As soon, or, perhaps, rather sooner than his circumstances properly permitted, he became united to his former wife's younger sister, the so often celebrated "Molly" of his love-songs. During her short stay with him she was the darling of his affections; but she died in child-bed of her first daughter, the very year in which she married. His children, after this catastrophe, were dispersed among different relatives.

Burger undertook, in 1787, to lecture on the critical philosophy of Kant, and his course was much attended. In this year the jubilee of the foundation of the Gottingen university was celebrated: two poems were dedicated by him to the occasion, and the grateful college conferred, in return, a doctor's degree. In November 1789 he became professor of philosophy.

About this time an anonymous poem arrived from Stutgard, in which the author, who was a female, professed to have attached herself to Burger, from the perusal of his his heart-felt poems; and with a liberal zeal, by way of recompence, offered him her hand in marriage. The verses were well turned, and highly complimentary; and there was an interesting singularity in their heroic cast of sentiment. Burger drew up a very gallant reply, and printed both the poems in the Almanack of the Muses. Intimations now came in whispers, that the lines were intended for the individual, not for the public. Burger set off for Stutgard. The syren pleased not only when she sang; and Burger married her immediately.

It is melancholy to relate, that this truly poetical union afforded no source of happiness to the husband; and that, in 1792, after little more than three years cohabitation, a separation was accomplished by application to a court of justice. During this unfortunate connexion Bur-

ger was assailed with a deep hoarseness, which he never overcame, and which unfitted him for lecturing. This reduced him once more to dependence on the booksellers for subsistence. A pulmonary disease was, in the mean time, making a rapid progress; it affected his spirits less than his health; but it snatched him, in June, 1794, from a country which he had illustrated, at the age of forty-six years and five months.

His physician Dr. Jager, and his friend the benevolent Reinhard, the attendants of his last moments, accepted the care of his four surviving children. His property was found insufficient for the payment of his debts. A monument has been erected to his memory, by voluntary subscription, in a garden at Gettingen, where he commonly walked.

His works consist of

Anthia and Abrokomas, translated from Xenophon of Ephesus.

Poems. Vol. I, 1778. Vol. II, 1789.

Macbeth, altered from Shakspeare.

Munchausen's Travels.

Miscellaneous works, two volumes, containing the six first books of the Iliad, some prose versions from Ossian, and the papers inserted in various magazines, of which the philological (Hubnerus Redivivus) and the political (Die Republic England) are calculated to excite some curiosity.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MELANGE.

NO. VII.

THE following passage presents an excellent description of a family, where comfort is sacrificed for the sake of appearances:

As, after all her exertions, her situation in life does not allow of her being genteel in *every* thing, parsimonious economy and heedless expence take their turn. To be as smart, not as her equals, but as her superiors, it becomes necessary that she should excel in contrivance; I do not mean in that prudent forethought, which enables a good wife to proportion the family expenditure by the regular order of necessities, comforts, conveniences, and superfluities: this gradation must be reversed, and superfluities take the lead. Expensive wines may be introduced on great occasions, by a daily retrenchment of small beer; and wax lights may be had for routs, by limiting the number of kitchen candles. If her husband and children dine on hashed mutton, she can provide ices in the evening; and, by leaving their bedchambers comfortless and inconvenient, she can afford more drapery for the drawing-room. Even white morning dresses will not be so very expensive, provided you are expert in haggling with the washerwoman, and do not dislike being dirty when you are invisible; and if you know cheap shops, and the art of driving bargains, you may even *save* money by making *useless* purchases. New-modelling your household and personal ornaments is, I grant, an indispensable duty; for no one can appear three times in the same gown, nor have six parties without one additional vandyke or festoon to the window-curtains. These employments will therefore occupy your mornings till the hour of visiting arrives; then you must take care to dismiss the bed-gown and work-bag, and, having crammed every thing ungenteel out of sight, assume the airs of that happy creature who has nothing in the world to do, and nothing to think of but killing time.

City Shower.

There is something consummately sullen in a rainy day, in the city. The streets sound hollow, as now and then a heavy coach drives along; or as the drenched horse clatters rapidly over the pavements with his drizzling rider. The lady

visitant trips homeward (for it rains too hard to get a coach), her muslins clinging and fadging to her limbs, so that they creek with their tight sitting; and the citizens trudge home to their wives, to pass the afternoon and have tea and whaffles. The poetical part of the confusion of gutters, mingling into quagmires, and the objects of their sweeping fury and destruction, is very aptly set forth by Swift:

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till it's fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go;
Filths of all hues, and odours seem to tell
What street they came from, by their sight and smell;
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

How different is a shower in the country! How pleasant is it, then, to sit at the window of my country house, and listen to the gentle kisses of rain-drops and leaves; to hear the drooping bird chirp faintly from the orchard; and the dripping cattle, gathering close, low at the gate. How soft the air, filled with the freshness of the vallies, and the luxuriance of the plains. But how much sweeter is its clearing up, at evening; the rainbow glimmering; the broad sun shedding a faint light over the deepened landscape; the birds shaking their little wings, and opening their merry throats; and man and beast peaceful and contented.

—

Why is it said that there are three graces, that they are sisters, and that they hold each other by the hand? Why are they represented as young smiling virgins, habited in floating robes, and their arms covered with a transparent veil? Some say the first bestows the benefaction, the second receives, and the third returns it. Why do the graces dance holding each other by the hand? —Because such is the progress of a benefit which passes into the hands of him who receives it, but must nevertheless, at last return to those of the benefactor; because the beauty of this progress is lost as soon as it is interrupted, while, on the contrary, it subsists while benefits are bestowed and returned reciprocally. They have a smiling air, because the countenances of those who give, and of those who receive, are usually arrayed in smiles. They are young because the remembrance of benefits received ought never to grow old. They are virgins because they ought to be without change and without blemish. They wear no zone, because benefits are not to be ligatures and chains. The veil which covers their arms is transparent, because benefactions ought to be visible.

—

It is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar, is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in

this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer, is not such an artificer who within his power is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their parts with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. It is not, says he, to be considered among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best. The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus, a wise man should think no man above him or below him any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world: for if we take too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indesert, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man, and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

—

The Pin.

The English, if we may judge from their marriage contracts, are, or at least were, the greatest consumers of pins in the world. Nothing is more usual than for a lady of fashion to be allowed a thousand pounds sterling a year for the single article of pins. Historians relate, that in those days when pin-money was first introduced, the English ladies consumed a vast number of pins to fasten their clothes. In process of time, however, the consumption of pins has decreased, and in the exact proportion with the diminution of drapery. Now-a-days, God knows, a husband will not be ruined by the expence of pins! Indeed, I believe an *élégante* makes almost as little use of a pin as of a needle!

But yet allow me to tell your dames of fashion, for whom pins have become useless, that a pin in place may sometimes be of importance to the reputation of your charms! Little do you think how much even a beauty may be indebted to a pin! Little do you consider how many vows, how many addresses, depend upon a single pin! Take out that solitary pin which, strange to tell, has found its way into your robe; take out that pin, and the loves and desires, which hover round what it mysteriously conceals, disappear. The imagination droops its wing; the illusion vanishes; pleasure is disappointed, and flies in search of new deceptions. Ah, madam! learn to conceal with grace; and remember that your charms soon lose their power when you display their utmost force.

Above all, know that there are some pins which you should rarely unfasten!

—

We are incessantly told that we must be born poets. Yes, in the same manner that we must be born musicians, orators, or mechanics: that is, with the dispositions necessary to become such, which dispositions must afterwards be unfolded and brought to perfection by study and exercise.

—

Bishop Huet.

The good and ingenuous French bishop, Huet, recollected in his old age the loves and gallantries of his youth, with a mingled penitence and self-complacency, the expression of which is not unamusing:

"I went too much," says he, "into the gay company of men, and much more into that of women; thinking that, to obtain a character for politeness, it was necessary to please the fair sex. I omitted none of those attentions by which it is supposed that their favour is to be won. I kept my person fresh and neat, wore fashionable clothes, was indefatigable in my assiduities towards those whom I admired, often addressed them in amatory verses, and whispered many a tender thing in their ears. One copy of love-verses which I then wrote is now universally read, and is not over delicate."

How admirably the character of the old Frenchman here breaks out! From an old officer this would have been nothing surprising: being from an aged bishop, it bespeaks in him a lightness of spirit not naturally allied to episcopal gravity.

The following is also an ungenuous display of French vanity by the same worthy Huet:

"I was," says he, "an indifferent dancer indeed; but then I exceeded all my young companions in fencing and riding: I could leap over any height to which I was able to reach my hands; I outstripped every one in running; and I could grasp a staff so firmly, that not any two of the strongest men could wrest it from my hands. I was a very skilful swimmer; and I knew how to dive for shell-fish to the bottom of the deepest creek or river."

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A curious Epistle from Augustus to Horace.

Dyonysius brought me your little volume. I took it in good part, and did not complain of its brevity. However, you seem to be afraid lest your scroll should be of a larger size than your person: but your stature is so low, your bulk makes amends for it: you might sit and write in a bushel. Your packet was exactly like your own belly, thick and short.

—

Envy.

Envy is a personage frequently introduced by the poets, and we have several descriptions of her, all indeed formed on the same model, and copied from each other. The first of these is in Ovid's Metamorphoses, book ii, where she is employed like a Fury by Minerva, to infect the mind of Aglauros. The description is partly natural, partly emblematical. She is represented as dwelling in a cave seated in a cold dark valley. She is found chewing the flesh of vipers, which may be interpreted feeding on malignant thoughts. Her gait is sluggish, her countenance pale, her body lean; she looks askance; her breast is suffused with gall, and her tongue flows with poison. She never smiles, but at mischief; she is sleepless through anxiety; she pines at the view of prosperity, and suffers as much as she inflicts. This is little more than the natural description of an envious person, the bodily effects of which corroding passion are almost literally to envenom the juices, and causes a superabundance of acrid gall. It is a stroke of nature,

too, when she is represented as sighing deeply at the view of Minerva's beauty and splendor, and scarcely forbearing to weep as she passes over the flourishing and opulent city of Athens. Her thorny staff allegorically expresses the pains of mind produced by envious affections. The blight and desolation which fall on the subjacent earth, over which she takes her flight, denote the baleful effects of this passion.

"She takes her staff, with thorny wreaths begirt,
And, veil'd in murky clouds, where'er she goes
Beats down the ripening corn, the verdant fields
Withers, and every flowery summit crops;
And, 'mid subjacent people, houses, towns,
Breathes foul contagion."

Her mode of infecting the unhappy Aglauros is by stroking her breast with her envenomed hands, and enfixing her hooked thorns.

There are two descriptions of Envy in "The Fairy Queen;" both of them loathsome and disgusting, and, though manifestly imitated from that of Ovid, less distinct and consistent as allegories. The only additional circumstance worth remarking is, that the garment of Envy is painted full of eyes, an emblem, no doubt, of the sharp-sightedness of envious persons in discerning the faults of their neighbours.

Cowley, in his "Davideis," gives a portrait of Envy, drawn with much strength, and with some novelty:

"Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp bones within;
And at her breast hung vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart, both night and day;
Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,
Both day and night they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep-stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim."

Garth has bestowed a good deal of labour upon a similar description in his "Dispensary," but with little or no improvement on the established imagery.

—

A Puff.

The following advertisement is copied, *verbatim et literatim*, from one of the Philadelphia daily prints:

Nimrod Maxwell, proprietor of the celebrated Sulphur Spring, in Adams county, Pennsylvania, *takes leave*, on the approach of the season for bathing and drinking this highly medicinal water, to inform his former friends, and the inhabitants of this and the neighbouring states, who may be in quest of health or pleasure, that he is prepared to gratify them in both. His house is in all respects in an improved state, his rooms freshly embellished and furnished with the best beds, and his cellars replenished with a variety of the choicest liquors. He promises a plentiful and luxuriant table, *embellished by the best of cooks;* and has been at the expense of sinking in the solid rock, and replenishing with abundance of ice, a cave, for the refreshment of his Spring guests. He will have *obliging waiters, and plenty of them*, together with music for the entertainment of such as delight in that *exquisite treat*. The house on the south side of the bridge is occupied by Mr. Robert Long, who kept it formerly, and who has fitted it in the best manner for the accommodation of boarders. N. Maxwell, in this *age of puffing*, has chosen to content

himself with this *plain* and *modest* notice, begging his readers to believe that he means to perform even *more* than he has promised.

June 17, 1807.

This modest Nimrod, who, at the same time that he *takes leave* of his friends, promises them, should they pay him a visit, such an exquisite sensual and intellectual treat, and who has thus contrived to combine pleasure with health, is certainly highly deserving of public patronage. I would recommend his advertisement to the notice of all loungers and valetudinarians, and earnestly exhort them to fly for a while the sickly vapours of the crowded city, and breathe the pure and bracing air of the mountains, in the delightful retreat offered them by the worthy Mr. Maxwell.

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE CHARACTER OF WALLER, AS A MAN AND A POET.

From Stockdale's Life of Waller.

THE endowments of his mind were recommended by the graces of his form. Mankind are so subject to the fascination of externals, that the effects of the most elevated genius and virtue are greatly obstructed by personal disadvantages.—Worth, covered by deformity, gains upon us but by slow approaches, and must not expect to be generally well received, till the world is convinced of its reality by repeated experience. But to him in whom nature hath united amiable qualities and great talents with personal elegance, we are immediately prepared to pay homage. While the eye surveys, the mind wishes to esteem and to admire.

Waller's person was handsome and graceful. That delicacy of soul which produces instinctive propriety, gave him an easy manner, which was improved and finished by a polite education, and by a familiar intercourse with the great. The symmetry of his features was dignified with a manly aspect; and his eye was animated with sentiment and poetry.

His elocution, like his verse, was musical and flowing. In the senate, indeed, it often assumed a vigorous and majestic tone, which, it must be owned, is not a leading characteristic of his numbers.

He was so happily formed for society, that his company was sought for by those who detested his principles and his conduct. He must have had very engaging qualities, who kept up an intimacy with people of two prejudiced and exasperated parties; and who had the countenance of kings of very different tempers and characters. He was a favourite with the persons of either sex of the times in which he lived, who were most distinguished for their rank and for their genius. The mention of a Morley, a St. Evremond, a Dorset, a Clarendon, and a Falkland, with whom he spent many of his social hours, excludes a formal eulogium on his companionable talents. Let it suffice, therefore, to observe, that his conversation was chastised by politeness, enriched by learning, and brightened by wit.

The warmth of his fancy, and the gaiety of his disposition, were strictly regulated by temperance and decorum. Like most men of a fine imagination, he was a devotee to the fair sex; but his gallantry was not vitiated with debauchery; nor were his hours of relaxation and mirth prostituted to profaneness and infidelity. Irreligion and intemperance had not infected all ranks in Waller's time as they are now; but he had as much merit in avoiding the contagion of a profligate court, with which he had such familiar intercourse, as we can ascribe to an individual of the present age, who mixes much with the world, and yet continues proof against its licentiousness. He rebuked the impi-

ous wit of the libertine, even before a king who was destitute of religion and principle; and who enjoyed a jest upon that sacred truth, which it was his duty to defend and to maintain.

But his virtue was more theoretic than practical. It was of a delicate and tender make; formed for the quiet of the poetical shade, and the ease of society; not hardy and confirmed enough for a conflict with popular commotions. His behaviour on his trial was hypocritical, unmanly, and abject; yet the alarming occasion of it, on which but few would have acquitted themselves with a determined fortitude, extenuates it in some measure to candour and humanity; though he who had effectually reduced the discipline of philosophy to practice, would rather have suffered death, than purchased life with the ignominy which it cost Waller. But let us recollect, that Providence is very rarely lavish of its extraordinary gifts to one man. Let us not condemn him with untempered severity, because he was not a prodigy which the world hath seldom seen: because his character comprised not the poet, the orator, and the hero.

That he greatly improved our language and versification, and that his works gave a new æra to English poetry, was allowed by his contemporaries: nor has it ever been disputed by good critics. Dryden tells us he had heard Waller say, "that he owed the harmony of his numbers to Fairfax's translation of the Godfrey of Buloigne." Whoever reads that translation, and compares it with our author's poetry, will see in how rude a state English verse was when Waller began to write, and what advantage it received from him. Perhaps more elegant language, and more harmonious numbers than his, would be expected even from a middling poet in this age of refinement: but such a writer would be as much inferior to Waller in absolute merit, as it is more difficult to attain new, than to copy past excellence, as it is easier to imitate than to invent. A voyage to the West-Indies, first atchieved by Columbus, and the calculations of Newton, are now often made by the modern mariner and mathematician: but who refuses admiration to the inventor of fluctions, and to the discoverer of America?

Ease, gallantry, and wit, are the principal constituents of his poetry; though he is frequently plaintive with tenderness, and serious with dignity: but impartiality must acknowledge, that his muse seldom reaches the sublime. She is characterised by the softer graces, not by grandeur and majesty. It is her province to draw sportive or elegiac notes from the lyre; not to sound the trumpet and inflame the soul.

Hitherto we have remarked our author's beauties; we must now mention his faults. Undistinguished praise is as weak as it is unjust; it neither does credit to the encomiast, nor to the person commended.

Grammatical inaccuracies are not unfrequent in Waller. The literary amusement of the gentleman was not sufficiently tempered with the care and circumspection of the author. He sometimes prefers a point more brilliant than acute to a manly and forcible sentiment; and sometimes violates the simplicity of nature for the conceit of antithesis. In his fondness of simile he is apt to lose the merit of a good, by the addition of a bad one; in which he sacrifices truth and propriety to sound and splendour. These faults, however, we must, in a great measure, impute to the rudeness of the age, with which greater poets than Waller complied; partly from negligence or the immediate influence of example, and partly from necessity.

Waller's works will always hold a considerable rank in English poetry. His great abilities as a statesman and an orator are indisputable; and his moral character will be viewed with lenity by those whose minds are actuated by humanity, and who are properly acquainted

with their own failings; who consider the violence of the times in which he lived, and who are accustomed to think before they decide.

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Mr. Thomas Pemberton.

HE descended from ancestors mentioned in Prince's Chronology, in the year 1632, among the freemen and first settlers of Massachusetts, and members of the first congregational church in Boston.

He was born November 8th, 1728. He had the advantage of a good school education; and was very desirous of going to college, but his parents were not able to gratify his youthful ambition. He was, therefore brought up in the mercantile line.

From early life he was fond of books, and was so particularly critical in his researches into the history of former times, as to gain the character of an antiquarian. He possessed an extensive knowledge of historic facts; and was never better entertained, than when investigating and recording the interesting particulars of the first settlement and early history of Massachusetts. His manuscript "Memoranda, Historical and Biographical," make about fifteen volumes. They are evidence of his diligence, and of his attachment to literary pursuits.

He was one of the first and most useful members of the Massachusetts historical society; an institution more honourable than honoured; and his contributions make more than a ninth part of their publications. He also furnished some articles to the "Massachusetts Magazine," when it had a name and a praise among the discerning, and several to the early numbers of the "Weekly Magazine," a work that now shines with *Emerald* splendor. His friends solicited him to publish a volume of American Annals, but his natural diffidence prevented him from complying.

He had prepared a "Massachusetts Chronology of the 18th century." containing the notable events of every year, biographical notices of eminent men, topographical delineations, accounts of the settlements of towns and the ordination of ministers, particulars of the weather, prevalent diseases, &c., comprised in five manuscript volumes. The latter part of his life was diligently employed in giving the last finishing to this favourite work. Had he been spared longer, it might have been published. By his will it is now to enrich the archieves of the historical society.

He was a man of artless manners. In conversation he was facetious, inquisitive, entertaining, and instructive. He lived a bachelor, in literary solitude; devoting regularly each day till 3 o'clock in the afternoon to his studies, and the remainder to visiting his friends. He was correct and steady in his religious principles, and was distinguished for his simplicity and godly sincerity. A humble competence sufficed him till about two years before his death, when, by the demise of a relation, he inherited what he considered as affluence. The whole income of the wealth he thus obtained, he conscientiously devoted to well-bestowed charity; and, having no near relations, left the principal in legacies which do honour to his benevolence. He died July the 5th, 1807, after a short illness.

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Uriah Tracey.

Departed this life at the city of Washington, on the 19th July, in the 54th year of his age, Uriah Tracey, a senator of the United States, from the state of Connecticut; and on the following day he was interred with the honours due to his station and character as a statesman, and to his rank as a major-general; his

pall being supported by the heads of departments and officers of government.

For many years he experienced frequent and severe sickness, and his last illness commenced on the 4th of March last, while attending the funeral of Mr. Baldwin, his former fellow-student, and late colleague in the senate.

In his youth he received a liberal education, and the early part of his active life was devoted to the practice of the law. He was ever an able, popular, and pleasing advocate, and rose to eminence, by the strength of his talents and steady devotion to business.

His last fourteen years were devoted to the service of his country, in her national councils, where he was long a distinguished member, admired by his political friends, and respected by his opponents.

In wit and humour he was unrivalled, in delivery graceful and perspicuous, and in argument acute and lucid.

His speeches were sometimes perhaps tinctured with severity; but the ardour of debate, the rapidity of his ideas, and the impetuosity of his eloquence constituted an apology. He was firmly attached to the principles of the late administration, which he ever maintained. For some years past, in consequence, he has been in opposition: yet he possessed a due share of influence in the body to which he belonged. His death will be deeply deplored by his friends, and, from the useful talents he possessed, may justly be considered a national loss.

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Paswan Oglou.

Orma, the grandfather of Paswan Oglou was a common watchman at Widdin; and, it is said, he also swept the streets in the day time. He afterwards served in the war of 1753, against the Russians, and distinguished himself for his bravery. He was rewarded with the fief of Parabin, in Moldavia, where he spent the rest of his life, occupied in the education of his son Orma-Aga, who afterwards obtained the rank of bassi aga, or chief of the district.

Orma had two sons, Ibrahim Bey, who settled in Constantinople as a merchant, and Osman, surnamed Paswan Oglou. His father, who lived at Widdin, had him instructed in the various branches of the political, economical, and military sciences. The young Osman joined to a great activity of mind, a very violent temper. In 1785, being in the country with his father, they quarrelled; and the son put himself at the head of some of his father's vassals, who were attached to him. They attacked and put to flight such as Osman had armed for his own defence.

The chief inhabitants of Widdin interfered in this quarrel, which lasted more than two years; and in 1788 the father was reduced to the necessity of suing for peace with his son, when a reconciliation followed.

From this period, the troops they had separately enrolled were united into one body, which enabled them to keep themselves masters of Widdin, where their authority increased daily with the number of their partizans. They abused their influence so grossly, that they dictated laws, not only in the city, but in the country round, employing force against such as opposed their pleasure. The porte, alarmed at this usurpation of its sovereignty, sent Mahmed Pacha, in 1788, with 12,000 men, and promised him the pachaship of Widdin, if he expelled Paswan Oglou and his father. The latter were besieged for three months in Widdin, but not being able to resist such considerable forces, the Pacha and his son took refuge, along with 600 men, who still adhered to them, with prince Maurojeni, in Wallachia. The prince gave them protection, nominated both of them Bir-Basseas (i. e. commanders of 1000 men); and established Orma as the commandant of Czernetz, and Paswan Oglou as that of Gyurgyero, with orders to defend these posts

against the Austrians. Orma was soon dislodged from Czernetz by the imperialists, and saved himself with only seventeen of the garrison, by retiring to the right bank of the Danube; fixing his residence in the castle of Kulla, six leagues from Widdin.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. BURNET has a new work in considerable forwardness, in London, entitled, "Specimens of English Prose Writers, from the earliest times to the close of the seventeenth century, with sketches biographical and literary, including an account of books, as well as of their authors, with occasional criticisms, &c." This work, it is apprehended, will possess some singular and important recommendations. The primary object of the series of specimens is to illustrate the progress of the English language, from its rise to its complete establishment. The principles by which the author has been generally influenced in his choice of extracts, have been, to select passages curious or remarkable, as relating directly to the subject of language; as possessing intrinsic value as examples of style; as characteristic of the author; or as distinctive of the manners and sentiments of the age. In writers of continuous reasoning, which abound from the reign of Elizabeth, his aim has commonly been to present as clear a view of the general principles of the author, as his limits would admit, and as could be done *in the words of the author himself;* which has been attempted not simply by the selection of those parts where they are distinctly stated, but by frequently conjoining passages distant in place, though connected in sense. Moreover, the work will comprise an account of, and extracts from, most of the ancient chroniclers and historians, who have written in English. Hence it will contribute, together with the interspersed remarks and the occasional sketches of literary history, to elucidate also the progress of manners, of opinion, and of general refinement. There are many obvious advantages in thus exhibiting a view of writers and of their works, in chronological order. It assists the memory, by favouring the most natural and appropriate associations; the celebrated contemporaries are represented, as they ought, in groups; and if the questions arise, Who were the literary worthies that adorned any given reign? and what were their respective claims to distinction? we have only to turn to that reign, in the work which is here announced, to be speedily satisfied. Even the incidental mention, in the biographies, of facts in civil history, will tend to awaken the curiosity to become better acquainted with the chain of transactions, of which they are links; and thus the reader will be insensibly led to the civil, as well as the literary history of the period. Upon the whole, it is hoped, that the work will prove *entertaining* to many and very different classes of readers, from the variety of its materials; that it will constitute a *useful* manual to the student of our early literature; and that it will be found *convenient*, even by persons already informed in this department, as a book of occasional reference.

On Thursday, the 23d of July, the trustees, the faculty, the graduates, and the students, of the University of Pennsylvania, met at the university at nine o'clock, A. M., and walked in procession to the Rev. Dr. Hey's church, the Independent Tabernacle, in Fourth-street, where a commencement was held before a numerous, splendid, and respectable audience. After prayer, by the provost, the following exercises were performed:

MUSIC.

1. The salutatory oration, by Mr. Joseph Hall.

2. A forensic dispute, on this question, "Whether it is more difficult to arrive at excellence in eloquence at the bar or the pulpit?" For the *bar*, Mr. David F. Schaeffer for the *pulpit*, Mr. John Sommer.

3. The provost's decision.

MUSIC.

4. An oration on the good effects of education, by Mr. Samuel H. Turner.

5. An oration on the alternation of action and repose, by Mr. Thomas I. Wharton.

6. An oration on classical literature, by Mr. D. Schaeffer.

MUSIC.

7. An oration on liberty, by Mr. Joseph Hall.

8. An oration on general Hamilton, by Mr. Benjamin J. Bostock.

9. History of a graduate, an ironical oration, by Mr. J. Sommer.

10. An oration on patriotism, by Mr. Jacob Gratz.

11. The degree of *bachelor of arts* was then conferred on Messrs. Benjamin J. Bostock, Jacob Gratz, Jacob Green, Joseph Hall, David F. Schaeffer, John Sommer, Samuel H. Turner, and Thomas I. Wharton. The degree of *master of arts* was conferred on Messrs. George Andrews, Edward Lowber, John C. Lowber, John Lowber, Matthew Matthews, Robert M. Patterson, and Edward Tilghman, 3d alumni of the university. Mr. James G. Thompson, master of arts at Dickenson College, Carlisle, and professor of humanity in the University of Pennsylvania, was admitted *ad eundem*. The degree of *doctor of divinity* was conferred on the Rev. Henry Waddel, of Trenton, New Jersey, the Rev. James P. Wilson, and the Rev. Joseph Pilmore, of Philadelphia. The degree of *doctor of civil law* was conferred on the honourable William Tilghman, Esq., chief justice of the state of Pennsylvania; and on Mr. John M'Dowell, provost of the university.

12. The valedictory oration, by Mr. Jacob Green.

MUSIC.

13. The charge, by the provost.

MUSIC.

An appropriate prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, professor in the university, concluded the exercises of the day.

A very agreeable concert of sacred music was given in the evening, in the tabernacle, in honour of the commencement.

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A few years ago, a hydrographical survey was made, at the expence of government, of Long Island Sound. Since that time, captains Fosdick and Cahoone, two of the persons employed, have published their chart. Encouraged by the success of this first attempt, a survey was ordered to be made, during the session of congress, in 1805—6, of that part of the coast of North Carolina which lies between Cape Hatteras and Cape Fear. Captains Jonathan Price and Thomas Coles performed that service during the last summer. They have made a valuable report of their observations, and accompanied it with a new chart of the coast. The information furnished by this second undertaking has been followed by an ample provision for a maritime survey of the whole coast of the United States. In the beginning of February, 1807, an act of congress was passed, appropriating fifty thousand dollars to enable the president of the United States to cause a survey to be taken of the coasts, and of all the islands, shoals, roads, and places of anchorage, within twenty leagues of any part of the shores of the United States; as also the courses and distances between the principal capes and head-lands, and all such other matters as ought to be contained in an accurate chart. This survey is intended to embrace St. George's Bank, and all other banks, shoals, soundings, currents, and memorable things, quite to the gulf stream.

At a numerous meeting of the inhabitants and proprietors of Charleston Neck, on Saturday, June 27th, Wm. Loughton Smith, esq., in the chair, it was unanimously resolved, that a committee of nine members be appointed to consider on the practicability and probable expence of cutting a navigable canal from Cooper to Ashley river, and to obtain an accurate survey of the most proper place for that purpose, likewise of those parts of the aforesaid rivers where such canal may enter them, and to obtain the requisite cession of land from the proprietors, through whose ground the canal may be carried, sufficient for the width of the canal and a margin on each side, and to report to an adjourned meeting on the first Saturday in August. As nothing contributes so much to the prosperity of a country as inland navigation, we heartily wish the fullest success to the spirited and patriotic undertakers of the new canal, which will diffuse wealth and comfort to a great portion of our fellow-citizens, and enhance considerably the value of lands in the environs of Charleston.

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No less than *twelve* bridges across Connecticut River, between New Hampshire and Vermont, and two in Massachusetts, have been erected within a few years. Another is building between Hatfield and Hadley.

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Messrs. Cohen and Hawkins, of this city, have lately established a manufactory of mineral waters, which has received the sanction of many of the most eminent physicians, as being equal, if not superior, to the waters of the original springs. The proprietors, that the business may be conducted on a scale which would give it a due importance as a public good, propose forming a company, on the following plan:

The whole is to be divided into 400 shares, at 50 dollars each, payable five dollars monthly, one half to be invested in a capital for conducting the business in the most advantageous manner for the benefit of the concern, and which capital is to be the exclusive property of the subscribers. The consequent risque is then but 25 dollars on each share, for which they will be entitled to the privilege of drinking the waters, free of expence, at the place where they may be prepared, a deduction of 10 per cent. on orders put up for their use, and an equal share in all the profits arising from the concern which will be conducted under the direction of officers chosen by themselves. An establishment of this nature would give the company an opportunity of extending itself to every capital city in the United States, and reap all the advatages resulting therefrom, as well as claiming the merit of being the first to bring forward and promote so useful an institution.

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Mr. Robert Fulton, a celebrated mechanical genius, a native of Pennsylvania, has lately returned to his native country from Europe, where he had invented a machine by which hostile ships of war might be destroyed, which he has communicated to government. The president some time ago desired Mr. Fulton to commence his experiments by the machinery called torpedoes, and other submarine attacks, and to exhibit them at New York. The first experiment was made at that place on Monday, July 20, and with complete success, for, by the application of a machine to the outside of a brig of 200 tons burthen, she was completely blown up and destroyed, in the presence of a great concourse of spectators. This is but one of several methods that his machinery furnishes for attacking and *destroying an enemy at anchor, or under easy sail, near the coast.* This is for the immediate defence of our own harbours and shores; but we understand also that his machinery are capable of following an enemy to sea and into

their own ports, where ships of war may be destroyed with very little danger to the operator.

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An experiment was lately made in England, of constructing a hollow-framed main-top-mast, for a 74 gun ship, on Mr. George Smart's new principles, which at length is about to be tried in his majesty's navy. About 12 o'clock, sir Roger Curtis, sir —— Sirrell, admiral Domet, and John Fordyce, esq., four of his majesty's commissioners for revising naval affairs, and their secretary, Mr. John Briggs; earl Stanhope, T. Jolly, esq., and several others, attended at the Ordnance wharf, Lambeth, to witness the final putting together of this hollow mast, the first which has been constructed of so large a size, and particularly a top-mast where a great part of the length is required to be without the hoops, which confer so large a portion of strength on main-masts, yards, &c., which require so much restriction, and are not obliged to depend solely on the strength of one solid piece of timber, now become so difficult to procure, or on the stiffness of internal framing, as in the present case.

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Captain Krusenstern, who commanded the Rusian expedition of discovery in 1805, has sent an account home of his having proved, in the most satisfactory manner, the great efficacy which the operation of charring the insides of casks has to preserve water perfectly sweet at sea. He had sixty casks charred more deeply than usual before he sailed, and, during his stay at the Brazils, had the greatest part of his casks burned on the inside; the water in them was constantly found to be good during the whole of his passage to the Isle of Washington; at Japan, he again burned the inside of his casks, which preserved the water quite pure, during a seven weeks' passage from thence to Kamschatka. The captain declares, that by this means, the water was "constantly pure, and as good as that from the best springs." He also took care that the casks should never be filled with sea-water, as is usual, to save the trouble of shifting the ballast, because this tends to hasten the corruption of the fresh water afterwards put into them.

The charring operates both by the antiseptic properties of the charcoal, and in preventing the solution of the extractive part of the wood.

Charring is much recommended for wine casks also, and all casks which are to contain liquors.

The process of charring casks was recommended by Berthollet, in a communication to the National Institute of France, in 1803; but Lowitz had discovered the antiseptic properties of charcoal many years before, as appears in some memoirs in Crell's Journal, the translation of which was published in England by Baldwin, in 1793; an account of the use of charcoal for "Preserving Water Sweet, for Seamen in Sea Voyages," was also published in Dublin, in 1791, in the Hibernian Magazine, extracted from Mr. Lowitz's memoirs on this subject.

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A farmer in Windham county, Vermont, thus cautions his brother farmers against the prevailing practice of selling to the butchers the earliest, the largest, and most beautiful of their flock. By so doing, says he, their breed has been essentially hurt, and their own interests manifestly injured. As the sheep now kept for breeding by a majority of the farmers are poor, coarse-woolled, stunted things, they produce, in conformity to the established law of nature, that "like produces like," a breed which, though the expence of keeping them is as great as that of keeping the best kind, yields but very little profit to the owner.

Whenever a butcher visits my flock, he invariably selects the best lambs, and insists upon my selling

them. He offers perhaps a shilling a head more for them than for the poorest; but as I reflect that in the very first year the former will yield me, by their wool, two and perhaps three shillings more a head than the latter, without any additional expence; and besides, that they will be much better for breeding, and look much handsomer, I invariably refuse his offers; and if I dispose of any, they are such only as are unfit for keeping. By this means I have improved my stock, so that it is now the best in the neighbourhood. The fleeces of my sheep, on an average, are a pound heavier than those of others. In spring, my lambs are all strong and healthy, and require but very little attendance; while my neighbours are continually complaining that theirs are weak, sickly, and, notwithstanding the great care and trouble they are at, frequently die.

When a friend or a stranger visits me, I can take him to my barn or my pasture, and with patriotic exultation show him my flock, which is the source of my independence. And I can present him my children clothed in a neat homespun garb, unsoiled by the least mixture of foreign frippery. And I do not hesitate to say, that when doing so I feel as proud and as vain as the miss when she displays to her mates a new muslin gown, or a bonnet of the latest fashion.

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At a late sheep shearing at Mount Airy, in Carolina, the weights of fleece and length of wool were as follow:

	Weight of fleece.	*Length of wool.*
No. 1.	6 6-4 lb.	6 inches.
2.	7 3-4	9
3.	5 1-4	8
4.	8 3-4	10
5.	7 1-2	8
6.	7	8
7.	8 3-4	9
8.	8 3-4	10
	60 1-2	

Gross wt. of lamb No. 8, after shearing. 93lb
Fleece of 16 old sheep weighed, 63
Ditto of 8 lambs, 60½

123½

Average 5lb. and upwards.

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A writer in an eastern publication gives the following account of a successful experiment for preventing the ravages of the squash bug and the yellow fly: From a floor lately covered with hops, I collected some of the flour of the hop, poured upon it boiling water, and put in it a little wheat flour, to give the liquid an adhesive quality; with this composition I wet the plants with a mop of rags, and it coated them with a defensive shield against their natural enemy. I afterwards made a strong decoction from the hop itself, and found it equally efficacious. This experiment is not sanctioned by repeated experience, but I am sufficiently satisfied of its efficacy to be confident in its recommendation.

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It is a fact, but not generally known, that the common strawberry is a natural dentifrice; and that its juice, without any previous preparation whatever, dissolves the tartareous encrustations on the teeth, and makes the breath sweet and agreeable.

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As a number of children are at the present season afflicted with the *cholera infantum*, a correspondent would recommend the decoction of the blue flowers of delphinium, or larkspur, one small spoonful of which will infallibly stop the most distressing vomiting. These flowers likewise have proved a specific in every of the many cases in which they have been applied (by expressing the juice) to that painful, dangerous and troublesome disease, the chin, or hooping-cough.

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According to a new census, *Austria* now contains 11,608 square

leagues; and a population of twenty-three and a half millions of souls; of which 17,551,800 are catholics: 1,050,000 Lutherans; 1,800,000 of the reformed church; 260,000 Greeks; 43,000 unitarians; 3,500 menonists, and 452,000 Jews. The nobility form about 600,000 souls; and the clergy 90,000 individuals. The revenue of the state amounts to 103 millions per annum, and the debt to 112 millions of florins.

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The following statistical note on the Ottoman empire is taken from a late European print.

Extent, 49,173 square miles; population, 25,330,000 souls, viz.

1st. European Turkey, 11,963 square miles, and 11,040,000 inhabitants.

2d. Asiatic Turkey, 24,262 square miles, and 11,090,000 inhabitants.

3d. Egypt, 12,943 square miles, and 3,200,000 inhabitants.

Besides the Osmans and Tartars proper, there are to be found in the European part a mixture of Greeks, Esclavonians, Armenians, Valaches, Arnautes, Jews, Bohemians, and Franks. The Osman and the Tartar are the only ones who observe the laws of the Alcoran. Among the christian sects, the Greeks (who have here a patriarch, 20 metropolitans, 18 archbishops, and 120 bishops), with the Armenians, are the most numerous. The form of government is Asiatico-despotic. The present sultan, Selim III, has filled the throne since 1789. Land forces in 1804, 266,454 men, with 60,000 irregular troops, viz. 113,400 janissaries, 132,054 spahis, 50,000 methardschjy, and 15,000 artillerists. Of these troops, only 186,000 are fit for campaign service. Sea force, 12 ships of the line, 6 frigates, and 50 lesser vessels. Revenues of the chevea or imperial chest, 2,000,000. Revenue of the miri or chest of the empire, 44,942,500 dollars. National debt, 53,350,000 dollars.

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The sand of the rivers of Poniacer, Palaur, and Cargoory, in India, has long been celebrated for the quantity of gold found in it, so abundant in fact, that after heavy floods, grains of gold were constantly found in the ears of paddy, on the banks of the rivers: representations on the subject having been recently made to the Madras government, they sent in lieut. J. Warden to Ooscotto, to survey that district, and the result has been the discovery of a tract about forty-five miles in length along the Yena Batterine Conda Hills, abounding with gold.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

Written during a violent sickness.

SWEET Nymph! that with the ruddy face,
The cheerful look, and sprightly pace,
Whose favourite haunt's the fields,
E'er lov'st in warbling groves to dwell
In silent woods, or flow'ry dell,
'Midst charms that Nature yields:
Who shunn'st, with unremitted care,
The city's thick and febrile air,
Its smoke, its filth, and noise;
Where man, unwise, unthinking still,
Dares undergo a certain ill,
In search of fancied joys:

Oft on the mountain's rugged side,
Where rocks on rocks majestic ride,
I've sought thy fleeting form;
I've found thee in the vale below,
Sparkling 'midst heaps of drifted snow,
And in the wint'ry storm.

Again, when Summer's milder reign
Has clad in varied charms the plain,
Thou lov'st in streams to lave:
Oft plunging from the river's side,
While Zephyrs rippled o'er its tide,
I've found thee in the wave.

And—for what fair was always true?
If—as to show how much thy due,
Thou for a time wert shy;
Yet when through wilds and woods I woo'd,
I soon regain'd the nymph I lov'd,
'Twas but thy coquetry.

The man that wins thee to his arms,
Must sedulously court thy charms;
Attention gains the prize.
And if thou fly, let him pursue,
Try to regain thy favour through
Thy handmaid Exercise.

But when I made the town my choice,
Lur'd for a time by Folly's voice,
In search of wealth, renown;
As through my limbs disorder spread,
The feverish dream, the aching head,
There told me Health was flown.

Now pallid, wan, a mark for scorn,
Scarce drag I on a corpse-like form,
Tho' once with vigour blest:
In manhood's prime, a blasted sprite,
Unmann'd, unnerv'd, a loathsome sight,
Each energy deprest.

But, Dissipation, hence, adieu!
The tavern feast, the bagnio's crew,
No more have charms for me;
The gay debauch can please no more,
The drunken riot, midnight roar,
The song with three times three.

Henceforth to rural haunts I go,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's snow;
Thy smiles, O let me share;
And thou, as well-known scenes I hail,
Fresh strength with every breath exhale,
Once more shalt be my care.

Then often in the morning's grey,
While southern gales bring in the day,
The unmark'd dew I'll tread:
I'll hie me to the new shorn fields,
Beat for the game their stubble shields,
While yet on feed they're spread.

Here while my dog, sagacious brute,
Quarters his ground with ceaseless foot,
And questions every wind;
Tho' he shall fail to find his game,
No spot untried, to me the same,
Since thee I'm sure to find.

Oft too, when morning's dusky sky
Foretells that Reynard soon must die,
Impatient for the race,
I'll haste unto the covert's side,
Where meet thy ruddy sons, thy pride,
And woo thee in the chase.

Charm'd by these sports, if thou attend,
Sweet nymph! unto life's latest end,
I ask not power, nor wealth:
Content I'll poverty endure,
If any one imagines poor
The man that's rich in health.

June 26. L.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON APPARITIONS.

Scene—The Ruins of an ancient Castle. Time—Midnight.

YE spirits who inhabit worlds unknown!
Terrific spectres! whither are ye flown?
Oft have I heard, ye love at this dread hour
To haunt the ruin'd aisle, or moss-grown tow'r;
To flit in shadowy forms along the glade,
Or stalk gigantic 'midst the gloomy shade.
Yet here alone with silent steps I tread,
Where broken walls their mouldering ruins spread;
Where the cold ashes of the fair and great,
Vainly enshrin'd, repose in awful state;
Where the dark ivy clasps the embattled tow'r,
And lengthens out a while its final hour;—
But all is still! no frightful ghost appears;
No ghastly phantom its huge form uprears;

No white-rob'd spirit glides across the gloom;
No hollow groan low mutters from the tomb;
But death-like silence spreads an awe profound,
And Darkness flings her sable mantle round.
Then whither are these shadowy spectres fled,
That nightly guard the relics of the dead?
And where is pale-cheek'd Terror's hideous train,
That o'er the midnight hour is said to reign?

Ah! let grim fear and superstition tell
A tale of horror from their murky cell;
Where by the glimmering taper's pale-blue light,
They pass, in sullen mood, the dreary night;
Starting with frenzied looks at every sound
While visionary phantoms float around.
Yes—they may tell of deeds with horror fraught,
And dreadful sights that mock the labouring thought;
Yet will I scorn the vain deluding tale,
Nor let their voice o'er Reason's self prevail.
But can I still a hardy sceptic stand,
Rejecting truths rever'd in every land;
While undisputed facts their force unite,
To prove that spirits haunt the shades of night?
Ah no! I must submit—I plead in vain
Imagination's wild despotic reign;
Or say that Fear by Fancy's magic aid
May fill with airy forms the dubious shade;
And bid the trembling heart, in manhood's spite,
Start from a wavering bush with pale affright.
Yes—'tis in vain! for while with sad surprise
O'er many a dreadful legend Pity sighs,
Some well-attested facts the mind perceives,
And with discriminating power—believes.

Yet shall I dread at this dark hour to rove,
Amid the solemn stillness of the grove;
Or where the time-worn battlements arise,
Or the proud turret low in ruin lies?
I scorn the thought—assur'd that Sov'reign Pow'r
Governs alike the dark, or noon-tide hour;
And here as free from rude alarm I stray,
Amid these shades, as in the blaze of day;
While to thy care, O thou Almighty Friend!
By night, or day, my spirit I commend.

But oh! my heart delights while thus I rove,
To indulge the pleasing thought, that some I love,
Who now have gain'd the radiant seats of bliss,
Attend my wand'rings o'er a scene like this.
Oh yes—methinks I feel her presence near,
Whose memory claims affection's grateful tear;
Whose form so much beloved, hath still the pow'r,
With sweetest smiles to cheer the darkest hour:
Dost thou, indeed, my lonely steps attend,
And o'er me now with kind compassion bend;
Anxious with all a mother's love t'impart
A balm to soothe the sorrows of my heart?
Might I indulge the wish that thou wert near;
Blest Spirit! might I now behold thee here;
Such as thou art, array'd in garments bright
Or such as memory views with fond delight:
I dare believe, my heart with glad surprise
Would linger here till morning beams arise;
With strong desire that gentle voice to hear,
Whose kindness oft hath charm'd my infant ear;

And, fraught with tenderest love, hath lull'd to rest
The little sorrows of my youthful breast.
It must not be! I look around in vain;
Darkness profound, and awful silence reign
O'er all this gloomy scene, which seems to lie
Entomb'd beneath the sable vaulted sky,
Oh! when shall this imprison'd soul of mine
Burst from its dark abode with pow'rs divine,
And meet with those I love, on that blest shore,
Where sorrow, pain, and death are known no more.
Oh! let my soul with hopeful patience say,
"Thy will be done!" and wait that awful day,
That bids my spirit wing its wond'rous flight,
From this dark world to realms of purest light;
With raptūrous joy, to share the glorious prize
Of immortality beyond the skies!

ALBERT.

From the Port Folio.

COLUMBIA'S EAGLE.

LET England's Lion boast his pow'r,
Let Gallia's Cock defiance crow;
Columbia's Eagle n'er shall cow'r
To any foreign foe.
With equal ease, aloft she waves
The branch of peace, or shafts of war,
And wafts the fame
Of Freedom's name
To lands enslaved and realms afar.

Once could the Roman eagle soar
Beyond the reach of human eye;
But now she plumes her wing no more,
No more invades the sky;
For Freedom fled, and with her bore
The eagle's pow'r, the eagle's sway;
Her wings are weak,
And dull her beak,
Her name no more shall strike dismay.

Not so Heav'n's *fav'rite* bird that wields
The weapons of Columbia's ire,
And every dear-bought interest shields
From mad Ambition's fire;
While time rolls on the passing hours,
Her flight the world shall awe,
And widely spread
The olive's shade,
To shelter Liberty and Law.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE IVY-SEAT.

From Bayley's Poems.

Tamen ego illa moveor exedra—a sedeque ipsa desiderari illam vocem puto.—CICERO, Lib. v. de Finibus. Proem.

AH what may be the secret spell
That bids my heart so fondly swell
Whene'er I pass that Ivy-seat!
While lingers my reverted eye
About those beeches, wherefore fly
The life-drops through my frame with quickening beat?

Is not that seat like others made,
With moss like others overlaid.
Like others fenced with ivy round?
Are not those trees like other trees?
Or, when it fans them, does the breeze,
Pour through their branches an unusual sound?

Yes—other seats like that I've seen
Girt with a tangled ivy-skreen,
Their crooked arms with ivy bound;
Those beeches are like other trees,
And, as it passes by, the breeze
Pours through their branches no unusual sound.

Then wherefore, when I pass that seat,
Throbs every pulse with quick'ning beat?
Why is my hand upon my heart?
Why do I watch with eager gaze
The trembling of those beechen sprays?
Why linger here, unwilling to depart?

There is a maid, a gentle maid,
A dweller in the woodland shade,
Who loves that seat with ivy bound:
Her arm has many a time reclined
Upon that branch so intertwined
With tangled wreaths, and stems that curl around.

And once, it was a pleasant day,
The sweetest of a jocund May,
And thousand blossoms bloomed the while,
When, on that ivy-seat reclined,
To peace and softness all my mind
I rendered up, most happy in her smile.

Then, as the gentle maid stood near
And bent on me her looks, then clear
The blackbird sung; perched on a spray
Of yon tall beech he sweetly sung:
The maid with mute attention hung
On every note that sounded in his lay.

And that sweet warbling, in her face
Called up a new and lively grace,
That warbling moulded every look;
And feelings born of sound bid rise
Soft radiance in her kindling eyes,
And all her frame with sweet emotion shook.

Then in each feature I could see
The workings of that sympathy,
The silent joy that o'er her stole.
Then still I sat, no word I spoke,
No sound or motion from me broke
That might disturb the quiet of her soul.

And when the bird had sung his lay,
He left the beech's topmost spray,
And as he flew he chattered shrill;
Yet still her eyes the maiden raised
To yon tall beech, yet still she gazed
As though the bird sat there and warbled still.

Smiling, her rosy lips she stirred,
As though she whispered; yet no word
Could I perceive, or whispered speech;
And when at length I softly spoke,
My voice her trance of pleasure broke,
And then her eyes she turned from yon tall beech.

And oh, the look! when from that tree
At length she turned her eyes on me!
That look may never pass away;
E'en now it works upon my mind,
And in its magic I shall find
Subject and food for many a future day.

Therefore though many a silent nook
Among the hazels by the brook,
In dingle or sequestered grove;
Though many a grot and silent dell
I know, where mossy couches swell,
Oh, far beyond them all, that seat I love.

When there I sit, some secret power
Keeps me fast chained from hour to hour;
I cannot tear myself away;
When I would rise, some winning thought
With force of subtlest magic fraught
Fixes me down, and holds me with its sway.

And therefore when I pass that seat,
Throbs every pulse with quickening beat;
Therefore my hand is on my heart;
Therefore I watch with eager gaze
The trembling of those beechen sprays,
And linger here unwilling to depart.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on the 17th of June, by the Rev. Joseph Pilmore, John A. M'Cutchen, of Philadelphia, merchant, to miss Eliza L. Drean, of Loudon county, Virginia.

On the 30th of June, at friends' meeting, Mr. Ephraim Haines, to Mrs. Ann Brown, both of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, July 2, by the Rev. Mr. Myers, Mr. Frederick Hyneman, jun., of Philadelphia, to miss Mary Warner, of the Northern Liberties.

On Friday evening, July 3, by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, doctor William Insley, of Chester, Delaware county, to miss Mary Ann How, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, July 9, by the Rev. Mr. Myers, Mr. John Bazier, to miss Sarah Ann Freeman, daughter of captain Benjamin Freeman, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th of July, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Mr. James Gardiner, jun., to miss Eliza Grover, daughter of John Grover, Esq., all of Southwark.

On Tuesday evening, July 14, by the Rev. Dr. Alexander, Mr. Samuel Moss, merchant, to miss Eleanor Tittermary Mercer, daughter of captain Robert Mercer, all of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, July 16, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Zachariah Irick, to miss Catharine Babe, both of Philadelphia.

On July 23, by the Rev. Dr. Green, lieutenant J. Bagley, of Newburyport, to miss Clarissa Stillass, daughter of the late Mr. Stillass, merchant of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening, July 17, by the Rev. Dr. Myers, Mr. Samuel Elfrey, to miss Margaret Shell, both of the Northern Liberties.

On Thursday evening, July 21, by the Rev. Mr. Myer, Mr. David Davis, to miss Sarah Gering, both of Philadelphia.

At BALTIMORE, on Thursday, June 18, by the Rev. George Towers, Mr. John Morris, to miss Eleanor Israel, both of Harrison county, Virginia.

On Thursday evening, July 2, by the Rev. Dr. Rattoon, Mr. Daniel Charles Heath, of Philadelphia, to miss Eliza M'Kinn, daughter of Alexander M'Kinn, Esq.

At NEW YORK, on Saturday, July 16, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Thomas Scott, to miss Margaret Lentz, daughter of Mr. Frederick Lentz.

On Sunday morning, July 5, W. S. Brooks, of Boston, to miss Eleanor Forman, of Monmouth, New Jersey.

At PERTH AMBOY, on Sunday, July 19, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, captain Ward Blackler, to miss Mary Orne Lewis, daughter of the late Thomas Lewis, Esq., of Marblehead.

At SAVANNAH, on the 9th of July, by the Rev. Mr. Garnet, Mr. Jonathan Golding, of Liberty county, Georgia, to Mrs. Rhoda Boswell, of Savannah.

DIED,

At PHILADELPHIA, on the night of the 22d June, in the fourteenth year of her age, miss Margaretta Leamy, eldest daughter of John Leamy, Esq, of Philadelphia.

On the morning of the 27th June, of a consumption, Charles Seitz, the only son of Mrs. Charlotte Seitz, aged seventeen years. He sustained the progress of a lingering illness with a degree of fortitude superior to his years. His dissolution was calm and serene, relying with implicit confidence in the merits and mercies of his Saviour. The loss of a dutiful son and an affectionate brother, who bade fair to be the joy and protection of a widowed mother, declining in the "vale of years," and of three defenceless sisters, is irreparably, and must be exquisitely felt.

On Sunday, July 12, in the forty-

eighth year of his age, Mr. William Miller, sen., of Philadelphia, merchant, partner of the late firm of Miller and Murray.

On Sunday evening, July 12, Mrs. Isabella Albertus, wife of Mr. Lewis Albertus.

On the evening of the 15th July, captain John Lockton, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

On Thursday, July 23, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, Mr. Maurice Kennedy, of Philadelphia. This gentleman was eminently distinguished by his strength of understanding, intellectual improvement, and unaffected piety. He lived in peace with all mankind, and died the death of the righteous.

On Monday morning, July 27, Mr. Robert Erwin, sen.

On Monday, July 27, of a lingering illness, Mrs. Catharine White, consort of Josiah White, merchant, of Philadelphia.

At NEW YORK, on Wednesday, June 24, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Dr. A. Bainbridge, a respectable physician of that city.

On Sunday, July 12, on board the brig Huntress, Breeze, from Charleston, Mr. James Gregorie, an old and respectable merchant of Charleston, on his way to the Springs for the benefit of his health. His body was preserved, and brought to the quarantine ground, New York, where, on the Wednesday following, he was decently interred, attended by the passengers on board the Huntress, and the officers of the quarantine establishment.

On Sunday, July 19, Mrs. Ann Debett, widow of John Debett, aged eighty-six years.

On Tuesday, July 21, captain Peter Corne, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

On Friday morning, July 24, the Rev. John C. Kunze, D. D., minister of the German Lutheran church in that city.

At BALTIMORE, on Sunday morning, June 28, at the age of fifty-six, after a lingering illness, which he bore with intrepid firmness, Mr. William Evans, proprietor of the Indian Queen tavern in that city, and universally known and respected for his urbanity and hospitality.

At NEWARK (N. J.), on Thursday, July 16, after a long and severe indisposition, Mr. John Baldwin, late of the firm of Meeker and Baldwin of Philadelphia, much lamented by his relations and all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

On Monday, the 20th July, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Macwhorther, aged 73 years. He lived a life of eminent usefulness, and has died greatly and justly lamented.

In Pittsford, Rev. Ebenezer Harwood, aged 77.

In Worthington, (Con.) widow Sarah Wilcox, aged 92. Her decendants are, 13 children, 70 grand children, 190 great grand children, and 16 great great grand children.

In Pomerania, the Prussian lieutenant general Kalkreuth (probably the father of the general, who at the last dates, was so gallantly defending Dantzic), aged 87. He entered the service in 1740, assisted in all the campaigns of the great Frederick, and was esteemed for his military talents.

In Germany, a Mrs. Wingers, aged 115, who preserved her reason to the last moment. For some days before her death, she was blind; and at the age of 103 she had a *set of new teeth* like a young person.

In Vienna, prince De Stahemberg, one of the Austrian ministers, and father of the Austrian ambassador in London, aged 84.

On the coast of Africa, 12th March last, Mr. James Fisk, a native of Farmingham, Massachusetts.

In Martinique, 2d June, madame De Lapagerie, mother of her majesty the empress and queen of France and Italy, aged 74. Her remains were interred, with great pomp, in which all the civil, ecclesiastical, and military bodies assisted. On the 17th the funeral service was celebrated throughout the colony on the event.

At Nassau, N. P., on the 9th inst.

Mr. Nathaniel Hall, collector of the customs at that place.

WEEKLY REGISTER OF MORTALITY IN THE CITIES OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND BALTIMORE.

Health-office, July 4, 1807.

Interments, in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, in the week ending the 4th of July.

Diseases.	*Ad.*	*Childr.*	
Apoplexy,	1	0	
Cholera morbus,	0	11	
Cholic,	1	0	
Consumption of the lungs	4	0	
Convulsions,	2	0	
Decay,	2	1	
Dropsy,	1	0	
Dropsy in the brain,	0	3	
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0	
Dysentery,	0	2	
Fever inflammatory,	1	0	
—— remittent or bilious,	2	0	
Hives,	0	3	
Inflammation of the lungs,	1	1	
Insanity,	1	0	
Old age,	1	0	
Palsy,	1	0	
Small-pox, natural,	2	2	
Prolapsis uteri,	1	0	
Total,	22	23	—45

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years		18
From 2	to 5	2
5	10	1
10	20	4
20	30	2
30	40	3
40	50	5
50	60	1
60	70	1
70	80	1
80	90	1
Ages unknown		6
Total		—45

July 11.

Diseases	*Ad.*	*Childr.*
Abscess in the lungs,	1	0
Asthma,	2	0
Atrophy,	0	1
Casualties,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	10
Cholic,	1	0
Consumption of the lungs,	7	0
Decay,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the chest,	1	0
Drowned,	0	1
Dysentery,	0	1
Drunkenness,	1	0
Fever puerperal	1	0
—— typhus,	1	0
Sore-throat,	0	1
Small-pox, natural,	2	1
Still-born,	0	1
Suicide,	1	0
Vomiting,	0	1
Unknown,	0	2
Total,	20	21—41

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years		16
From 2	to 5	1
5	10	1
10	15	2
15	20	2
20	30	3
30	40	5
40	50	4
50	60	0
60	70	1
70	80	0
80	90	1
Ages unknown		5
Total		—41

July 18.

Diseases	*Ad.*	*Childr.*
Abscess of the lungs,	1	0
Apoplexy,	1	0
Atrophy,	1	0
Burns,	1	0
Casualties,	1	0
Cholera morbus,	0	16
Cholic,	0	1
Consumption of the lungs,	6	1
Convulsions,	3	0
Decay,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	2	1
Dyspnœa,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0
Dropsy in the head,	0	1
Drowned,	1	0
Dysentery,	0	3
Epilepsy,	0	1
Eruptions,	0	1
Fever,	0	1
—— typhus,	3	0
Hives,	0	2
Insanity,	1	0
Old age,	1	0
Palsy,	1	0

Small-pox, natural,	0	1	
Still-born,	0	8	
Unknown,	0	1	
Total,	24	40	—64

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years	31
From 2 to 5	2
5 10	2
10 20	1
20 30	1
30 40	4
40 50	5
50 60	5
60 70	2
70 80	2
80 90	1
Ages unknown	8
Total	64

July 25.

Diseases.	*Ad.*	*Childr.*
Apoplexy,	1	0
Asthma,	0	1
Cholera morbus,	0	15
Cholic,	2	0
Consumption of the lungs,	5	1
Convulsions,	1	5
Decay,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	2	3
Dropsy,	2	0
Dropsy in the head,	0	1
Dropsy in the breast,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0
Dysentery,	0	2
Drunkenness,	1	0
Inflammation of the brain,	0	1
——— liver,	1	1
Insanity,	1	0
Mortification,	1	0
Mortification of the bowels,	0	1
Sore-throat,	0	1
Still-born,	0	1
Scrofula,	1	0
Disease unknown,	1	1
Total,	21	35—56

Of the above there were:

Under 2 years	28
From 2 to 5	3
5 10	2
10 20	0
20 30	2
30 40	2
40 50	4
50 60	6
60 70	1
70 80	1
80 90	1
Ages unknown	6
Total	56

Report of deaths, in the city of New-York, from the 20th, to the 27th of June 1807.

Diseases.	
Cholera morbus,	1
Cold,	1
Consumption	5
Convulsions,	2
Decay,	1
Dropsy,	2
Inflammation of the bowels,	2
Liver disease,	1
Palsy,	1
Rheumatism,	1
Small-pox,	1
Sprue,	1
Stillborn,	1
Suicide by laudanum,	1
Worms,	1

Adults 13.—Children 9.—Total 22.

From June 27 to July 4.

Diseases.	
Consumption	4
Convulsions	2
Debility	1
Decay	1
Dropsy	1
Typhus Fever	1
Inflammation of the stomach	1
——— lungs	1
——— bowels	1
Mortification	1
Old age	2
Pleurisy	2
Rupture of a blood vessel	1
Sprue	1
Teething	1
Hooping cough	1
Insanity	1

Adults 16.—Children 7.—Total 23.

From the 4th to the 11th July.

Diseases.	
Apoplexy,	1
Casualty,	1
Childbed,	2
Cholic,	1
Consumption,	7
Convulsions,	4
Debility,	1
Decay,	1
Dropsy,	1
Dropsy in the head,	1
Epilepsy,	1
Infantile flux,	3
Jaundice,	1
Intemperance,	1
Inflammation of the lungs,	1
Old age,	1
Palsy,	1
Stillborn,	2

Suicide by laudanum,	1
Syphilis,	1
Worms,	3

Adults 18.—Children 18.—Total 36.

Interments in the burying grounds of the city and precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending June 29. at sunrise.

Diseases.	
Pleurisy,	2
Worms,	1
Dropsy,	2
Cholera,	3
Fits,	2
Sudden death,	1
Lock jaw,	1
Hooping-cough	1
Intermitting fever,	1
Debility,	1
Accidental	1
Palsy	1
Still born,	2
Cholic,	2
Disease unknown,	2
Consumption,	5
Croup,	1
Bowel complaint,	1

Adults 14.—Children 16.—Total 30.

Diseases.	*July* 6.
Sudden death	4
Drowned	1
Stillborn	1
Cholera	10
Fits	2
Consumption	3
Suicide	1
Disease unknown	1
Hooping-cough	2
Apoplexy	1

Adults 12.—Children 14.—Total 26.

July 20.

Diseases.	
Diseases unknown,	4
Stillborn,	4
Worms,	1
Cholera,	18
Teething,	5
Sudden death,	1
Drowned,	1
Pleurisy,	1
Intemperance,	1
Consumption,	1
Old age,	3
Inflammation,	2
Cholic,	1

Adults 15.—Children 28.—Total 43.

PRICE OF STOCKS.

Philadelphia, July 30, 1807.

Eight per cent.	102¾ per cent.
Six per cent.	98
Three per cent.	63½
Bank United States	119
—— Pennsylvania	131
—— North America	136
—— Philadelphia	122
—— Farmers' and Mechanics'	28 dollars for 30 paid
Insurance Company Pennsylvania	150 per cent.
—— North America	80
—— Philadelphia	140
—— Union	52½ dollars for 60 paid
—— Delaware	45 do. do.
—— Phœnix	82½ do. 80 paid
—— Marine and Fire	21 dollars for 35 paid
—— United States	22 dollars for 30 paid
Water Loan	101 per cent.
City Loan	103½
Schuylkill Bridge Shares	70
Delaware Bridge Shares	74 dollars for 79 paid
Lancaster Turnpike Shares	par
Germantown Turnpike Shares	72 per cent.
Cheltenham and Willow Grove Turnpike Shares	80
Frankford Turnpike Shares	74
Chesnuthill and Springhouse Tavern Turnpike Shares	80
Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Shares	uncertain

Course of Exchange.

Bills on London, at 60 days, 164 per cent.
—— on Amsterdam, 39 cents per guilder.
—— on Hamburg, 32 cents per marc banco.